THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 7, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

In this Number

Stories and Articles by Alfred Henry Lewis, Ernest Poole, Will Payne, Mrs. John Van Vorst and Robert W. Chambers

Scissor Book Free

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Chicago Boston New York

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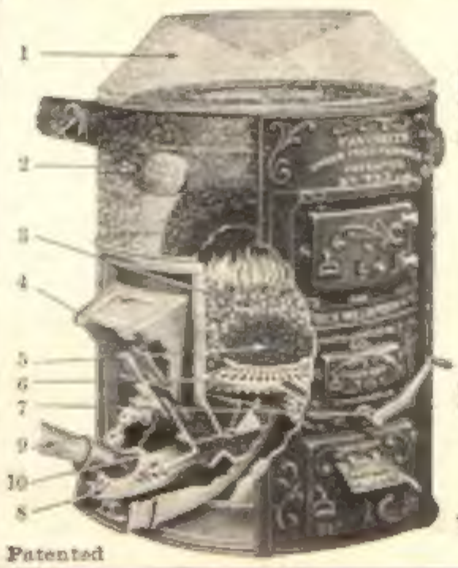
The Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace

Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Coal Bills



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You will see how it burns and extracts as much heat from a ton of the cheapest grade coal as you have ever been able to obtain from a ton of highest grade coal with an Overfeed furnace. You will appreciate how it soon *pays for itself* and then begins a handsome annual saving for you. The arrows in illustration point to leading features of **Underfeed Furnace** construction.

1. X-Ray view showing galvanized casing. 2. Cast iron radiator. 3. Fire burning on *top* of the coal—the Underfeed's *exclusive* way. Smoke and gases, which go up the chimney and are wasted in Overfeed furnaces, are released *below* the fire in the **Underfeed** and must pass through the fire and are thus converted into heat units. 4. Sectional view of the feed hopper, in which coal is placed. 5. Coal as it is forced up *under* the fire. 6. The revolving grate through which coal is forced. 7. Grate bar which causes the grate to revolve and drop ashes into the ash pit below. 8. Plunger operated by lever, which forces coal from the hopper into the fire chamber. 9. Wood lever operating the plunger. 10. Automatic valve which prevents coal from dropping back when the plunger is released.

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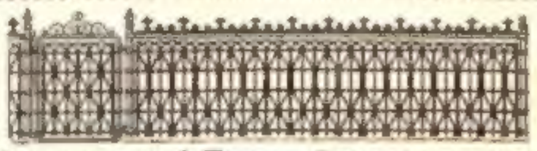

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"Boys, Keep Up the Fire"

When old Winter was doin' his level best—
  Winds howlin' higher an' higher,
The old man would say,
In his old-fashioned way—
  "Boys, keep up the fire!"

An' we stored up that lesson fer many a day:
  When we don't get the things we desire,
We work with a will—
Fer his voice echoes still:
  "Boys, keep up the fire!"

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

A Fresh-Air Epicure

A PARTY of the New York Tribune's fresh-air children was sent to Geneseo, New York, one summer, and the good women who took them in charge gave them a dinner before they separated to the various farms where they were to stay for two weeks.

One of the things to eat was pie: fine Livingston County pie, thick and juicy. A small and tattered youngster pushed his pie away.

"What's the matter, my son?" asked an anxious matron who was waiting on the children. "Why don't you eat your pie?"

"Hully chee," replied that small epicure, "where's de cheese?"

Bate on Debates

THE late Senator William B. Bate, of Tennessee, was a major-general in the Confederate army and never quite reconciled himself to the defeat of the South, although he was an able and efficient Senator.

Soon after he came to the Senate he formulated a set of rules which he called "Rules for My Proper Legislative Guidance." Whenever a proposition came up about which he was undecided, he would take the printed slip containing these rules from his pocket and study it carefully.

"Bate," said a colleague one day, "what is that slip of paper to which you refer so frequently?"

"That," replied Senator Bate, "is a little reminder of my beliefs on constitutional questions."

"Where did you get it? Think it out yourself."

"No, suh," replied Bate with much dignity; "I found most of those immortal truths in the Constitution of the Confederate States of America."

A Blessing in Disguise

FIVE Landis brothers were born on a farm in Indiana. Two of them are now Members of Congress, one is a Federal Judge in Chicago, one is Supervisor of Posts in Porto Rico and one is a physician in Cincinnati.

"We had to work from daylight to dark on that farm," says Charles Landis, one of the Congressional Landises. "Father had a team and it took us all our time to get enough off that farm to support that team. We were working night and day to get provender for those horses.

"Fortunately, one of the horses died and a couple of us got away. Then the other horse died and that let the rest of us out, and since then we have hopped along as best we could."

Pals of the President

COLONEL HARRY HALL, the orator and writer, was in London, riding on top of a 'bus.

He asked the driver several questions and then the driver said: "You hare not one of hus, sir?"

"No," Hall replied, "I am an American."

"Hamerica is a fine place, sir," continued the driver. "Hi lived there once."

"Where?" asked Hall.

"Why, sir, Hi lived in Washington. Hi was coachman for Sir Frederick W. Bruce, when 'e was Minister there, sir. We was most familiar with the hold Grant, sir, when he were President, most familiar."

"How was that?" inquired the astonished Hall.

"Why, sir, my marster was 'is pertickler friend, most pertickler. Many's the night I have driven 'im to the White House and sat there, 'im on the hinside an' me hon the houtside, for 'ours at a time."

Just a Bite of a Cherry

AN ENGLISHMAN, smoking a pipe, sat in a club-car on a Western train. There were several traveling men near by. They were discussing themselves and telling how good they were.

"I suppose," said one, "that I have about as long a trip as any one in the business. I go from Boston to San Francisco twice a year."

"Oh," said another, "I beat that. I cross the continent twice every year and I take in Canada!"

The Englishman listened intently. He was interested. "By the way," said one of the drummers to him, "what is your business?"

"Oh," the Englishman replied, "my name is Douglass and I come from London. I am a traveling man myself."

"What is your line?"

"Carpets."

"Have you got much territory?"

"Oh, not much," the Englishman replied modestly. "Only North America and Africa."

"Not Yet, But Soon"

WILLIAM JAMES CONNERS, the Buffalo newspaper proprietor and freight contractor, has a beautiful home out on the edge of the city. His house is surrounded by many acres of lawn.

A year or two ago his gardener planted foliage plants on a slope on the lawn in great letters that spelled "William James Conners."

"Dear me," said one of the social leaders of the town, as she was driving by, peering through her lorgnette, "the poor man must think he is a railroad station."

A Leap-Year Plunge

Oh, a dreary life it are
To be a fascinatin' tar
  And live on land in leap-year when the willin' maids is wooin';
And it drives me half insane
When I thinks o' Mary Jane
  And the way that I rejected of 'er billin' and 'er cooin'.

'Twas larb'rd hard a-lee
That she made 'er eyes at me.
  (And, oh, them eyes was squinty and 'er hair a carrot red,
And 'er chin was rathe' double,
And 'er nose was built fer trouble,
  Which same I often noticed and which same I often said!)

And when she looked at me
I was timid as could be,
  Fer plainly she revealed 'er matrimonial intent;
And when I heard 'er feet
Still persuin' down the street,
  I yelled: "Policeman, please protect a lone, unmarried gent!"

"Oh, won't ye marry me?"
One day she says, says she.
  "Oh, that I really couldn't do," I answers 'er protestin';
"Because, ye see, yer face,
Though perfect in its place,
  Ain't what the world calls 'beautiful,' but rather 'interestin'"!"

"But say not so," says she,
"Fer *I'm* goin' to marry ye."
  I took the boat fer Denmark. She was waitin' when I got there.
Then I struck through Russia inland,
Went to Poland, then to Finland,
  But almost every station Mary Jane serenely sot there.

Next I jumped an ocean liner
And took a trip to Chinar,
  But useless was me journey — Mary Jane was on the dock.
And when I skipped to Spain,
Lo! there sot me Mary Jane
  Still smilin' 'er seraphic smile, enough to stop a clock.

But when I struck Gibraltar,
Then she led me to the altar.
  Me funds was quite exhausted, but me bride was fresh and joshin'.
So we're livin', her and me,
In a cottage by the sea,
  Quite comf'table and happy: Mary Jane she takes in washin'.

—*Wallace Irwin.*

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wear The Scriven Improved Elastic Seam Drawers—*and enjoy life.*

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25 cents. Get a pair. Buy of us if your dealer has none; but most stores have them.

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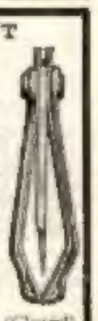

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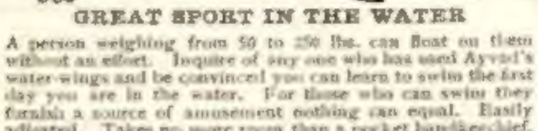

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THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The *WHY* of— "The Ham What Am!"

DAT Ham, Mandy, sho' com f'm a *Corn-Fed* Hog!

"Cause, dat Meat am so fine grained, firm and juicy.

"An' it sho' com f'm er *Barrow Hog*, too.

"Cause yo' don't get dat full, rich flavor f'm no oddah kind o' porker.

"Yas—an' it com f'm er *young* Hog, too, Mandy—jus' growed enough to be firm, but tender an' sweet.

"You can tell de age by dat thin skin, dat small bone, an' weight 'tween eight pounds an' twenty pounds.

* *

"Dey's only about *One* Ham out en every *Fifteen* dat comes to de Armour Ham Fact'ry wot's superfine as dis here kind.

"An' dat *One* superfine Ham gets dis '*Star*' mark put on it, so's people knows 'de Ham what Am' f'm de Ham what Aint.

"An' dey's more dan 40,000 Hams a day to choose dat *One* in *Fifteen* f'm at de Armour Ham 'Stablishment.

"So, yo' see, Mandy, dat little *Star* mark means mighty much to de knowin' folks.

"Are you listenin' yet, Mandy?

"Aint no salt-pork taste to dat *Star* kind, never.

"Cause, *dat* Ham's sure-enough cured in Armour "Epicured" liquor.

"Aint yo' heard o' dat, Mandy?

"Well, dats jus' a fine mild preserver, wot's got jes' right enough Sugar—Granulated Sugar, too, Mandy—an' pure Saltpetre in it, wit a weeny pinch o' Salt, to keep dat *Star* Ham prime for months, an' to bring out dat full, tasty flavor without salty-picklin', like common Hams.

* *

"An' de smokin', Mandy—aint dat fine?

"Jes' er rich golden brown all over, wit nary a scratch or a mark on it anywheres, 'cept o' course de mark o' de *Star*.

"*Dats* de mark of de 'Ham what Am,' Mandy, an' don't you forget it never!—*Armour's* Star on de *epicured* Hams and Bacon only.

"Jes' *One* Ham out o' every *Fifteen* Armour Hams get dat *Star* mark of *quality*, for de finest ever, in Meat an' Curing.

"Co'se it costs a few cents more.

"But, My Sakes, Woman!—what *de-leecious* Eatin' fo' de Folks."

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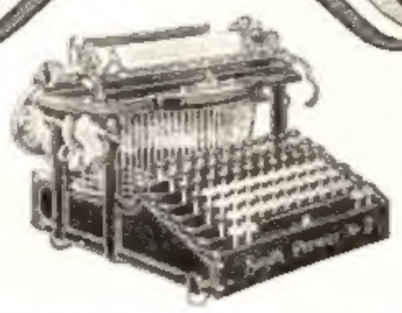

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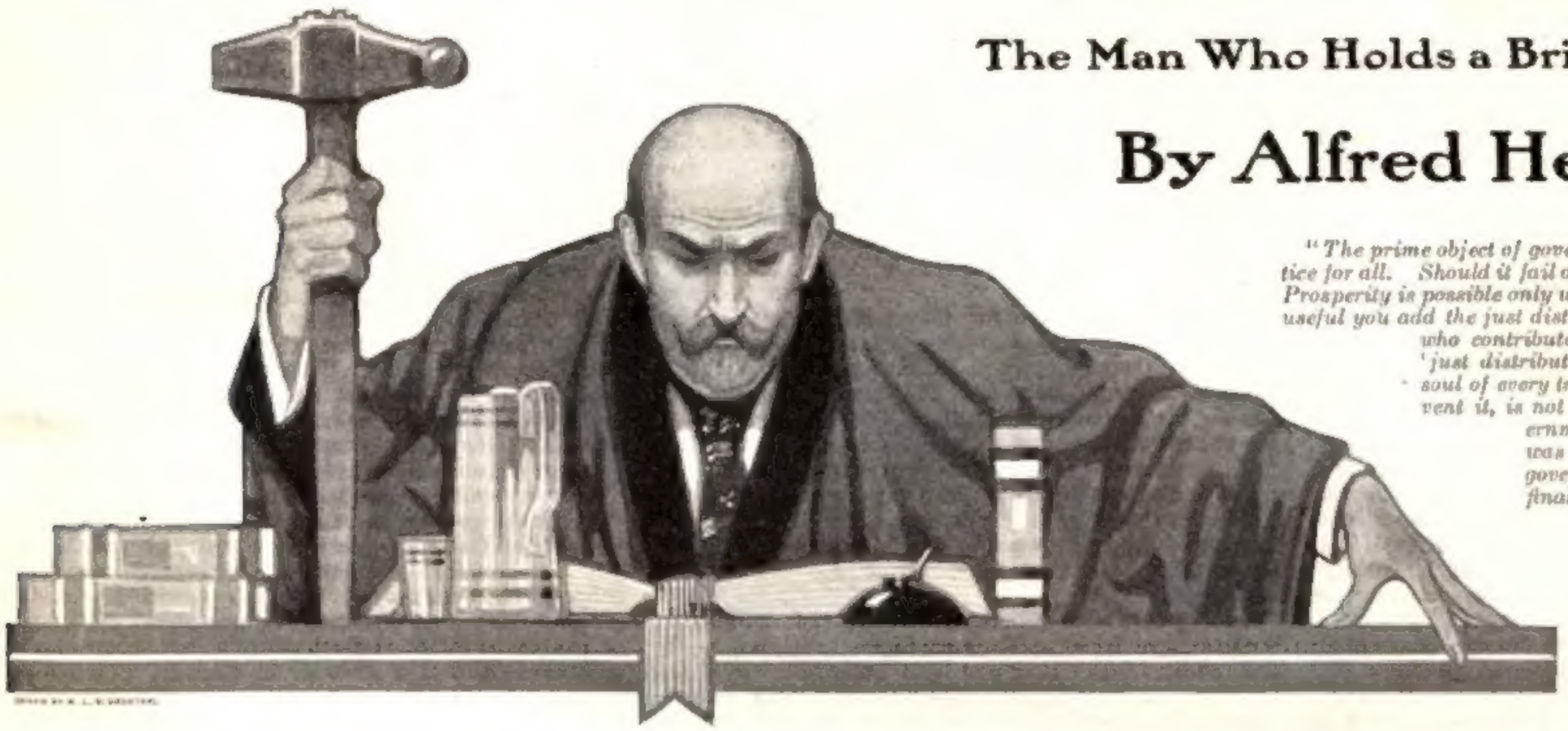
GAYNOR



The Man Who Holds a Brief for the People

By Alfred Henry Lewis

"The prime object of government is to secure distributive justice for all. Should it fail of this, it fails at the point essential. Prosperity is possible only when, to the highest production of the useful you add the just distribution of the product among those who contributed to its production. Nor should a 'just distribution' be lost sight of, since it is the soul of every true prosperity. To limit it, or prevent it, is not alone to defeat the purpose of government and destroy that justice which was the reason of its birth, but to pry at government's very foundations with a final certainty of its overthrow. The genius of Cromwell put this in a sentence, and the Protector's blunt wisdom is as vital to-day as in the hour of its first expression. Said he: 'If there be any one who makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a commonwealth.'"

FROM among the utterances of Judge Gaynor, in a recent conversation, I take the above and set it at the head of this article as a text. It of right belongs there, since it strikes the Gaynor keynote—the key in which he thinks and talks and acts. The Gaynor views are important; for what Judge Gaynor thinks he will say, and what he says he will do, and just now many of the most cogent New York influences are demanding him for governor. Politics in New York is in Vesuvian upheaval. There is mutiny among Republicans, mutiny among Democrats. In my time there has not been witnessed such ferocity of sentiment. At that it is an admirable ferocity; for it comes to be no more no less than a ferocity to clean house.

It was the recent disclosures of corporate villainies that set the public to filing its teeth. One need not go over the evil roll-call. It runs from the insurance swindles, stripped bare by Mr. Hughes, to the railway rottenness now being laid open to the general eye and nostril by Mr. Glasgow. Also, incidentally, it comes to light that the robberies disclosed have had and still have the countenance, the protection—nay, the aid—of Congresses, legislatures, courts and prosecuting officers. The black story unfolds a tale of perjury, larceny, embezzlement and bribe-giving in high places, public and private; and so the popular blood has been fired to fever heat.

The New York temper is set iron-hard to force radical reform. The people are resolved upon a change. They will supplant dishonesty with honesty, cowardice with courage, ignorance with intelligence, incompetence with competence. As usual, the Machines, being corrupt, have aligned themselves with the corruptionists. Machinely speaking, there is in New York no difference between the parties. Both Machines take their impulse and direction from and receive and obey the orders of those interests whose hundred black flags are flying over what corporate cormorant things are pillaging the people. These vultures tear at the communal vitals, and a bleeding public grows weary of its Promethean rôle.

This attitude of the Machines—those political janizaries of pirate wealth—has provoked the public to independence. The honesty of men is in rebellion. By thousands they have turned their backs on the old Machine-ruled parties, and, laying aside partisanship for patriotism, are demanding a governor who, emanating from neither party, is footloose of both.

Usually such commodities of politics as tickets, such trinkets of party as candidates, gain no New York mention before October. The Machines bring forward their candidates slowly. They wish to avoid an inspection—too close and too long—of what puppets they put up. Judge Gaynor, in one part of my talk with him, accurately described these puppets.

"Commonly," said he, "they say nothing, do nothing, know nothing. They are studiously negative, and this condition of vacuity is supposed to augment their strength. The theory of the Machine is that as a candidate grows less he grows strong, and approaches the invincible as he approaches nothingness."

In the face of those usual late, deferent October tactics of the Machines, this New York uproar over a governor has broken out. In connection with the governorship, two names are on the popular lip—Judge Gaynor and Mr. Hearst. The latter's recent surprising canvass for the mayoralty, and the fact that he was robbed of victory by methods which would shame a footpad, have made him a conspicuous figure. That he should be now mentioned for the governorship is the thing natural and sequential.

And yet, it is much within the palings of the possible that Mr. Hearst may decline to run. The removal to a day indefinite of his party convention which had been arranged for July 4 might be taken in support of this. Were he to withhold his name, Mr. Hearst would be among those earliest to demand Judge Gaynor. Two years ago he was foremost in so doing, and said this in his paper:

"Of all the men who have been prominently mentioned for governor, none excels Judge Gaynor in ability or character—we should not feel safe in declaring any other his equal. He is a typical American, a conscientious man and a brave man. . . . . There are no McCarrens and no Belmonts back of Judge Gaynor. He is the last man that they and the selfish interests they represent would want to see in the governor's chair. No boss is behind him, no boss made him or can control him. He made himself, as every man in public life ought to make himself, by deserving the support of the people and getting it. He represents truly the class of men whom the average American citizen would like

to see in office. . . . No Gas grabs or Ramapo grabs would be presented to him as governor for his signature—they would not get his signature."

On this question of Judge Gaynor for governor some curious conversations are held. I listened to one the other day. The first speaker, given to pessimism, feared he would refuse.

"He has been offered the nomination three times," said he; "once by Boss McLaughlin, once by Boss Croker, once by the Sheehan-Taggart-Belmont clique when Parker ran for the Presidency. And he refused each time."

"Boss McLaughlin! Boss Croker!" exclaimed the other scornfully. "Of course he refused. He would not take a Machine nomination, coupled with that subserviency to the Machine which it implies. As for 1904, those influences which sought the use of his name were tenfold worse than any regular Machine. Give him an independent nomination and he'll have to take it."

"Have to?"

"Yes, have to!" This with emphasis. "He will have no right to refuse."

The latter patriot then laid down the rights of the public with lucidity and force. The public, he declared, is its own Warwick—its own king-maker. The public is the potter; the individual but clay, and the public may mould him into governor, or President, or what it will. The office should seek the man; finding the man, it does not lie in his mouth to say that he will or will not.

"And," concluded our patriot, "Judge Gaynor would admit the correctness of what I state."

Early Battles With the Bosses

BECAUSE William J. Gaynor, just now a judge of the Supreme Court, is of New York importance, and may become of national importance, to study him and his career is worth while. His years are in the middle fifties. He was born on an Oneida County farm, and the acres which reared him were won from the wilderness by his grandsire, axe in hand. Is it not strange how so many of a world's Jeffersons and Jacksons and Websters and Clays and Lincolns come up from the farms? It would seem that Judge Gaynor originated of a stubborn strain; for his father shone forth as an abolitionist long before it was the fashion, and back in the forties upheld the free-soiler, James G. Birney.

In Judge Gaynor's appearance one discerns traces of his uncompromising ancestry. His face, fine, sensitive, of a quick interest, the home of honesty, is replete of an old-fashioned force. It belongs with a day—a sincere day, when every male American could say a prayer and shoot a gun, and did. There is thought and courage in his face, and the refinement that comes of scholarship and the much reading of books.

And yet, behind the look that tells of alcoves and libraries is the look militant. A great thinker, Judge Gaynor would make a greater soldier. Among the best as a jurist, he would be a better executive.

Judge Gaynor's education began at that wellspring of learning, the country district school. Later he went to the Whitestown Seminary, which institution in those days was of much Oneida celebration. While yet beardless he journeyed to Boston and taught school—a striking case of carrying coals to Newcastle. He studied law in Utica, and later in Brooklyn, after a brief splash into journalism on the Brooklyn papers. This was thirty years ago.

Being commissioned to practice law, Judge Gaynor—then long years from a judgeship—settled in Flatbush, a suburb of Brooklyn. There were twenty thousand Flatbush inhabitants who presented the usual per cent. of timidity, carelessness and corruption. Young Gaynor deplored the timidity, denounced the carelessness, attacked the corruption. There were forty saloons, and only one license among them. Young Gaynor haled the unlicensed thirty-nine to court and convicted them. Thereupon arose wailing and gnashing of teeth, especially among venal officials who had been taking blackmail from the unlicensed. To put a cap-sheaf on their grief, young Gaynor compelled the rum-shops to lock their Sunday doors.

A Man's House His Castle

BEING born to kill bosses as the mongoose is to kill snakes, young Gaynor declared war on the Flatbush Machines. There were two of these organizations; in defense of their lives they combined against him. They combined in vain; both fell; and a reform town board marked its appreciation by appointing him commissioner of police—a doughty force of twenty-five men. It was now that he gave first expression to those views touching the police and their powers which he has, in later years, so often voiced from the bench. He taught his bluecoats that a policeman's earliest duty is to keep the law, not violate it. Particularly were they instructed against unlawfully entering a citizen's house.

"The right of the individual," said Judge Gaynor, when I brought up those talents for house-invasion so prominent in the New York police, "to be secure in his house against invasion by the police, is parcel of our common law inheritance. When the powerful and great built castles, surrounded them with wall and moat, and haughtily forbade even the king himself to enter without their consent, a whole people, instinct of liberty, were quick to declare that 'an Englishman's house is his castle.' The declaration was a revolution in human liberty. It obtained foothold, and is still as pregnant as when it emanated from what Coke called the 'unpolished genius of the people.' It is as vital as when Chatham said: 'The poorest man may, in his cottage, bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter; the rain may enter; but the King of England may not enter. All his force dares not cross the threshold of that ruined tenement.' All of which," concluded Judge Gaynor with a resentful gleam, "sounds now in the city of New York like an empty boast. This is a government, not of men, but law—something which many besides the police forget."

There were six road houses—noisy, drunken dens of disrepute, the Flatbush eyesore! The uncompromising hand of the young police commissioner fell upon them, and they perished. When young Gaynor moved to Brooklyn, in 1885, he left Flatbush as cleanly quiet as a church.

Following some anti-graft exploits, the pleased taxpayers put forward Mr. Gaynor for a place on the Supreme Bench. John Y. McKane was chief of police and *ex officio* boss of Gravesend.

There were ten thousand inhabitants in Gravesend. McKane, as boss, never failed of a false registration of full seven thousand. At every election he cast them where he would. Fat with successes, Boss McKane waxed rich and insolent.

On being nominated for judge, Mr. Gaynor warned him that if he attempted his customary frauds he would put him in stripes. Boss McKane laughed, and cast his seven thousand fraudulent ballots as of arrogant yore. In spite of those Gravesend frauds, Mr. Gaynor was elected by thirty-five thousand majority, and a former "ring" majority of twenty thousand was overthrown.

Judge Gaynor did not sit idly down with his triumph. There was that Sing Sing promise made to Boss McKane; it must be kept. He went to the prosecuting officer, who did nothing. He went to Governor Flower, who did nothing.

As a corrective to gubernatorial apathy, Judge Gaynor wrote an open letter to Governor Flower. The latter—for the thumb of the ring was heavy upon him—still did nothing. Judge Gaynor wrote a second open letter—excessively open. It placed the hot coal of publicity on the back of the turtle governor. Under its burning influence he protruded his gubernatorial head and selected two special attorneys-general to prosecute Boss McKane. With Judge Gaynor showing the way they prosecuted; and Boss McKane—boss no longer—went to prison for seven years, with sixteen of his thugs to keep him Sing Sing company.

The People's Officers in the Interests' Pay

WITH Railroads and Insurance and Sugar and Standard Oil and Steel and a score or more of kindred trust expressions in my mind, I asked Judge Gaynor how far, if at all, these creatures of a vulture commerce spread their dark wings over legislation.

"This may give you some hint," said he. "We will not say 'New York,' since it might seem invidious to name any *State* when describing conditions which surround the legislatures of many States. You ask if these great corporations influence legislation. Think of a State where the chairman of the legislative committees on railroads, on insurance, on any or every thing that have to do directly with these corporations, and after the chairman the influential members, are paid salaries by those particular interests which the committees have in charge! Think of the railroads paying their committee so much a year—the chairman, $25,000; the insurance companies paying their chairman a similar sum; and so on! 'Their committees,' I said. Certainly, they pay them, although the people elect them."

"There is a deal being printed and said," I observed, "about the public being educated to hate wealth. What is your opinion of the public feeling toward wealth and those who possess it?"

Robbers that Cry "Anarchist!"

"THERE is no popular hatred of wealth—honest wealth," replied Judge Gaynor. "The public honors a man who by honesty and industry piles up a fortune. The public has been just in every age. It seeks the injury of no man, no company. It robs no one, pillages no one. It opposes none, makes war on none, save the criminal man or criminal corporation found plundering the people. I have been both angered and amused at the brazen tactics of these criminals. They pillage and loot and rob and plunder, and take the public into their villain laps and pluck it as a Dutch woman plucks a goose. Then, when the pillaged goose protests, they cry 'Anarchist!' It is they, robbing the people in the teeth of law and justice, who are the anarchists. They fill their thievish pockets and fly to Europe with the swag. If an investigation is ordered, they secrete themselves from the officers of the people. What would an honest man do if he heard that an officer of justice was looking for him to subpœna him to give testimony? Would he hide in his house and have his wife and children and servants lie and say they did not know where he was? And yet all this was done by an eminent personage who has lately put the ocean between this country and himself. Would an honest man, knowing his testimony was wanted, hurry aboard ship and put to sea, or skulk to another State to escape service of a subpœna? Is such a man fit to mingle with law-abiding people? No; he is dishonest, disreputable. No amount of church or Sunday-school teaching can make him respectable. And it is such as he who cry 'Anarchist!' against honest men. I say that it is he and such as he who are the anarchists; and they will destroy our Government unless checked in their criminal career."

"You spoke," said I, "of the people's objection to being plundered. Can you give me a concrete example of such plundering?"

"It lies open," returned Judge Gaynor, "in a hundred, nay, a thousand instances. Take a specimen case: the traction roads of New York City. Their story is the story of most of the railway and gas companies and other public service corporations throughout the nation. Also, you should not forget that public service corporations are on a vastly different footing, in the eyes of the law, than are trading corporations, such as dry-goods companies and grocer companies, which possess no public element and are not in their foundations based upon public grants. A trading corporation is entitled under the law to make what honest profit it can. A public service corporation is legally entitled to no more than a fair return on its investment, which fair return should be what interest per cent. is usual on a loan.

"To return, then, in this hunt for an example of what corporate pillage excites the anger of the public. Let us take up the tale of traction—underground, surface and overhead—on Manhattan Island. What is the story? Let us commence with the overhead roads. They began existence under an inflated stock and bond issue of $33,000,000, and paid large interest charges and dividends thereon. The profits grew with the city's growth. Yet it would not do to let the public know. The latter might then insist upon its legal right to a reduction of fares. The stock must be watered. To do this in such covert fashion as to escape the public eye, a new company was formed, and the original companies which owned the roads were turned over to it for 999 years. The new company agreed to pay the interest on the bonds of the old companies, and from seven to eight per cent. on their stock. The rest of the earnings were to become dividends on its own stock. What was the stock issue of that new company? It was $60,000,000—nearly all water. Thus did our traction financiers arrange to fool a numskull public.

"Still the earnings kept growing. To match it, more water went into the stock. But the water did not, could not, keep up with the profits. The dividends were again becoming too big. Then comes a third move. The second company, the Manhattan, turns itself over to a third new company, the Interborough, for 999 years, the latter to pay all obligations to the original roads, and seven per cent. on those $60,000,000 of Manhattan stock. This new company, the Interborough, owned the just completed

(Continued on Page 20)

THE CANDIDATE

A Story of the Cabinet Minister, the Insurance Tables and the Buzzing of the Presidential Bee

By WILL PAYNE

I

THE Secretary of the Treasury was chatting with portly Senator Winkle when the door burst open and Assistant Secretary Adams entered in a hasty and highly indecorous manner.

The Assistant Secretary's pompadour seemed fairly to bristle with excitement. His extended hand held an open book, fresh from the press and bound in official pasteboard.

"What's this? What's this?" he cried, and plumped the book down before his astonished chief, an agitated forefinger upon a certain passage.

Secretary Plainfield caught up the volume. His eye fell upon the paragraph. "Good gracious!" he breathed; and, an instant later, with deeper feeling: "Great Heavens!" He sprang up, a horrified gaze still fixed upon the page. "Stop it! Stop it!" he gasped. "Call up the printing office! Send for Foreman! Send for Tothero! Hold up the report! Have all copies recalled!"

Where all had been impenetrable official calm, all was now confusion. Adams frantically jiggled the telephone lever. The two aides hurried in, and rushed to other telephones. Messengers came and sped away. Secretary Plainfield paced the floor, anon cracking the knuckles of his left hand; anon gnawing viciously at his gray mustache. He had tossed the exciting book to his desk. Senator Winkle, fatly placid as ever, picked it up and turned, with a cool curiosity, to the mysterious passage. He had no difficulty in finding it, and he read it through, undisturbed by the excitement about him. When he arose his broad, ruddy face was the same imperturbable mask as ever. "Well, see you later, Joe," he called amiably from the door.

At the moment the Secretary scarcely noticed the departure of his caller. He was too intent upon the work in hand.

Half an hour after the original disturbance the Secretary and Adams were alone in the room.

"Well," said Adams nervously, "I guess we've got it stopped now. All copies sent out have been recalled. I guess we've got it bottled up."

The Secretary wiped his moist brow; picked up the book and looked at it again. It was no chimera; no creature of their fancy. There, interpolated in his annual report, was a solemn recommendation that the Government finance the construction of the Panama Canal by going into the life-insurance business—all elaborately set forth in cold type, over his signature, without, so to speak, cracking a smile. "But how on earth could it have got in there?" Plainfield demanded, in sheer bewilderment.

Adams shook his head. "Of course, Gessler had charge of the proofs as usual," he said.

"Fetch him here," commanded the Secretary.

A minute later Adams returned with the chief clerk. Mr. Gessler was a very lean and stringy person, of middle age. His complexion was decidedly sandy; his neck very long. He had a bold nose, but a mere morsel of chin. He wore a thick, red mustache and his hair was combed up high on the side. Thus he looked like a rooster who had lost the feathers off its neck. The Secretary regarded him sternly, but said, "Take a seat," quite mildly, for he saw only fidelity and affection in Gessler's mild, blue eye.

"Do you know anything about this?" Mr. Plainfield began, a bit awkwardly, from the conflict of emotions, and handed Gessler the report.

The chief clerk did not even look at the opened volume. He turned redder with modest pride. "So you found it already!" he said, and his eye beamed still more fondly. "Of course, it's my plan, Mr. Plainfield. I worked over it for months. But the credit is all yours. I wanted all the credit to be yours!" He still beamed, and his voice trembled slightly with honest emotion.

The Secretary and the Assistant Secretary simply stared at each other.

"I worked over it for months," Gessler repeated. "And yet, after all, it's absurdly simple: a child can understand it." He looked at them in triumph, but not vainglorously. "To insure a man aged thirty-five for twenty years for $1000 the old-line companies charge an annual premium of fifteen dollars," he continued. "That is equal to a year's interest on $1000 at one and a half per cent. The Government is willing to pay two and a half per cent. interest on the Panama Canal money. Under our plan the Government will issue one per cent. bonds and each bond will be a life-insurance policy for $1000, good for twenty years. The life-insurance feature will cost the Government fifteen dollars a year per thousand, bringing the total cost up to the two and a half per cent., which it is willing to pay for the money. People will fall over each other to buy the one per cent. bonds, with Government life insurance attached. But, according to the American Experience Table of Mortality, out of 81,822 men aged thirty-five who insure, only 732 will die the first year. Thus the Government's insurance receipts the first year will be to its losses, roughly, as 12 to 7. With five million people eager to buy one per cent. bonds, with the insurance feature, the Government can not only build the Canal, but fund the national debt, double the navy and put all the New York insurance companies out of business." The chief clerk laid a lean, demonstrative forefinger in the palm of his hand. "It may be urged that the Government has no power to insure lives. Under our plan that objection is met by issuing Treasury certificates——"

"Mr. Gessler," said Adams softly, "you've paid a good deal of attention to life insurance lately, haven't you?"

"I've read everything that's been printed, Mr. Adams," said Gessler, "verifying all calculations, and working out every mathematical hypothesis."

"Ah—er—thank you, Gessler; thank you," said the Secretary. "That will be all just now. Adams and I want to go over it a bit."

"The credit will be yours, Mr. Plainfield," said the chief clerk, beaming.

"What are You Doing at this Time of Night?"

"Thank you. Thank you," replied the Secretary, and shook the bony extended hand. He waited for the door to close; then exclaimed: "Crazy as a bedbug!" He paced across the room. "Too bad! Too bad! One of the best men in the Department."

"Too bad," sighed Adams. "Still, not to be wondered at—considering what he's been up to."

"Too bad," the Secretary repeated, and halted abruptly. "Are you sure we've corraled every copy of the report? You must speak to Foreman and Tothero. Not a word of this must get out. It would make me the laughing-stock of the country. Right in my annual report! I hope nobody knows." The Secretary's lean jaw fell. He recalled that Senator Winkle had been in the room. He seemed to have a vague recollection of the Senator picking up the report and reading it. He was certain now that the Senator had left quite abruptly.

He and Winkle were old friends. They came from the same State. Time was when they called each other Joe and Billy. For some time, however, each of them had been acutely aware of the strong probability that the Republican party's next candidate for the Presidency would be an Iosota man. There was no particular reason why either of them should not be the man—except that the other was rather in the way.

II

"YOU'RE cracking your knuckles again, Joe," Mrs. Plainfield interposed mildly.

A moment before Miss Plainfield had observed: "Father, you really ought to put salt on your mustache if you're going to eat it."

The lank, round-shouldered, loose-jointed member of the Cabinet glowered down upon his family in outraged dignity, thrust his offending hands deep in his trousers' pockets, and marched over to the window in lonely and wounded pride. The view up Connecticut Avenue was not inspiring, however. He must talk.

"A man, by Jove, that I've been a friend to for thirty years! That I've stood by in plenty of tight places!" he exclaimed over his shoulder. "You know, Martha," he pleaded, as he paced back to them, "that he wouldn't have had any more chance to be Senator than to be Pope if I hadn't pitched in and helped him! And this is the way he repays me—with a low-down, dirty trick! There's William Winkle for you, Martha!"

"But, Joe, he hasn't done anything," stout, good-natured Mrs. Plainfield insisted.

"He has done something!" the Secretary declared with heat. "Or he's going to, which is just the same! I tell you we've got back every copy of that Gesslerized report except one. Who'd have that one copy except Winkle? And what'd Winkle be holdin' it for except to spring it on me when he thinks it will hurt worst—hold me up for a fool, by Jove, and make a laughing-stock of me! I can see it in his blasted fat face! I'd as soon have a side of bacon for a face, anyhow! He's told the President about it already. Of course, that'd be the first thing he'd do—try to undermine me with the Administration. I know he's told the President. At the Cabinet meeting this afternoon the President grinned at me like a blasted Cheshire cat! Just grinned and grinned, by Jove!" He cracked two knuckles loudly in quick succession. "And now Winkle'll sneak off home to Mitchell with it. He'll have Mitchell and half the Iosota committee-men grinning at me, by Jove, like blasted Cheshire cats! He's a sneak, that's what Winkle is! Why don't he come out like a man?" The Secretary took a mouthful of his mustache, but happened to catch his daughter's eye, and lifted his head sternly: "Jane, if you haven't any respect for your father, why don't you retire?"

Miss Plainfield colored warmly; but her mother stepped on her toe. Then the Secretary colored also.

"Joe, I want you to listen to me a minute," said Mrs. Plainfield, and there was a certain authority in the mild voice which made the Secretary pause. "Why don't you pull out, Joe? You're racking yourself all to pieces

"I Wanted All the Credit to be Yours!"

with running the Department and running for President, too. You can't fool me, father! I know you too well. Your nervous dyspepsia has been forging right ahead ever since you took the idea of getting the nomination. This Gessler business is simply meat and drink for it. You're ready to chew wire nails this minute. What do we care about being President? Let's go back to Grassville and be like folks again."

Plump, wholesome Miss Plainfield leaned forward and hooked her finger in his coat pocket. "Come on, daddy. What do we care about being President?" she coaxed. "You're getting awfully seedy!"

The Secretary bit his mustache, but only meditatively, as his weary eyes dwelt upon them. "I don't care anything in particular about being President," he said, "except that my friends expect it of me. If Winkle'd come to me like a man I might step out. If he'd come to me like a man"—the waning flame suddenly caught again—"but, by Jove, I ain't goin' to make a sneak President of the United States!"

Later that day, at the end of an earnest consultation—which, on the woman's part, was solicitous almost to the point of tears—an eminent family practitioner really opened his mind a little to the Secretary's wife. "Frankly, Mrs. Plainfield," said the man of science, "it is a difficult case. The bromides quiet his nerves; but, on the other hand, they upset his digestion. The most important point is to keep him from thinking of anything that irritates him."

III

SECURE in his office, the Secretary was indulging in one of the forbidden but momentarily soothing long, black cigars, when Adams entered. There was an odd sort of rapt, yet flickering, look in the Assistant Secretary's eye.

The Secretary laid down his cigar. "The situation," he said, "is just as I thought. Mitchell is on the fence, and won't come off until after the election."

The Mitchell he mentioned was then Governor of the State of Iosota—and admittedly a master mechanic at politics. The Presidential aspirations of Secretary Plainfield and Senator Winkle were, of course, open secrets which influenced all political movements in the State. Mitchell's reëlection as Governor, in November, was a foregone conclusion, and as yet he held a beautifully adjusted balance between the rival candidates. Plainfield had rather made him politically, and, if there were any gratitude in politics, should get the State delegation with the Governor's decisive assistance. But one of the things that helped on his nervous dyspepsia was the idea that fat, smooth, treacherous William Winkle—the man he'd been a friend to for thirty years, by Jove!—might win the Governor away from him. Mitchell wasn't a man to tie up with a loser. That infernal Gesslerized report might be the very fulcrum wherewith the villainous Winkle hoisted Mitchell into his own camp.

"Do you know what Winkle's doing with that copy of the report he's got?" he demanded abruptly. "He's saving it up to use with Mitchell the day after the election!" He nodded balefully. "He'll take it to the Governor and say: 'Look a' here; I can laugh Plainfield out of the race!' That's what he'll do! He's used it with the President already." Mr. Plainfield's face turned a deep red and his eyes glistened. "When I went to the White House to-day the President he-hawed out loud, like a blasted ass, and slapped me on the back! Of course he's seen the report."

Mr. Adams seemed only half attentive. "I had a letter from Gessler to-day," he said. "He wrote that he was enjoying Porto Rico very much, but didn't see that he could accomplish much by staying. I cabled him to stay until ordered home, and go farther into the interior."

Plainfield nodded appreciatively. "How did he write?"

"Oh, sane as a judge," the Assistant replied. He blushed slightly and laughed a little in a nervous and apologetical way. "It's odd, you know—but if you come to work over that proposition of his, it's certainly mighty plausible."

The Secretary looked up incredulously.

"Yes, sir," Adams asserted stubbornly. "Of course, it's perfectly ridiculous in a way. Yet if you sit down to it and study it all over carefully, you see that it's certainly mighty ingenious." He took a pencil from his pocket and pulled up a pad of paper. "In the first place, fifteen dollars a year is the old-line cost of carrying $1000 insurance for twenty years for a man aged thirty-five—an average age, say. Also, fifteen dollars is the interest at one and a half per cent. on $1000 for a year. Hence, if the Government sold bonds at one per cent., it could afford to give $1000 insurance for twenty years, for that would be equal to its paying only two and a half per cent. on the money. Now, the old-line premium consists of three parts—the premium proper, the reserve and the loading. The Government wouldn't need any loading to speak of, and the premium proper is too high, because deaths are really fewer than the experience tables show. According to the American Experience Table of Mortality—I don't remember the figures exactly, but Gessler had it right. I've looked it up." He took a memorandum from his pocket and spread it on the table.

An hour later Adams was saying: "And when you come to figure on the steady increase in population as shown by the Census Bureau—so many new men reaching an insurable age every year—why, there's no end to it. You could fund the debt, build a navy that would beat Great Britain all hollow, abolish the internal revenue taxes if you wanted to—although that, I suppose," he added conservatively, "would get the temperance people down on you. And the greatest thing of all would be cheap, safe life insurance for the people."

Plainfield rubbed his brow perplexedly and stared at the sheets full of figures. "But Gessler was nutty, Adams."

"Well, that's true," Adams admitted. "He was certainly nutty. Yet it is mighty plausible." He hesitated a moment. "It has sort of interested me—purely as a theoretical thing, you know. I've wired for a copy of the Armstrong Committee's report on life insurance."

A week later Mrs. Plainfield resolutely opened the door of her husband's study and marched in.

"Joe! Joe!" she expostulated. "You ought to have been in bed two hours ago. What are you doing at this time of night?"

Her husband's table was cumbered with tomes of so dry an appearance that one's bones fairly ached with looking at them, and with many sheets of paper containing figures.

"As near as I can figure it out," the Secretary replied thoughtfully, "the loading amounts to about twenty per cent. and the experience tables of mortality are too high by about eight per cent. Now, if you apply that to a billion of insurance, say——"

She sat down beside him and spoke accusingly: "It's that miserable Gessler business!"

"Why, Martha, it's just here," he explained. "Winkle is bound to spring that Gessler report on me some day when he thinks I ain't lookin'. He'll give it to the newspapers, you know—about my report being all in print and ready to go out with this insurance business in it. He's bound to do that. I propose to be ready for him. I'll just say to 'em: 'It's true Gessler was nutty and put the stuff in there without my knowing it; but just figure it over for yourself and see if it ain't plausible!' A bold proposition attracts people, you know. By Jove, I believe I can turn the laugh on him! If the President wasn't hidebound and conceited I'd go to him right now and say: 'Just figure it over for yourself.' The fact is, Martha," he added confidentially, "that if they start to turn the laugh on me, and I can only get 'em started to figuring this life insurance, they'll be so all-fired balled up in no time that they won't know whether they ought to laugh or not!" He rubbed his brows again. "And it *is* mighty convincing, Martha—in a way. You see, the old-line cost of carrying $1000 insurance for twenty years for a man aged thirty-five——"

She took both his hands. "For goodness' sake, Joe, go to bed! You're working yourself all to pieces! You'll get as bad as Gessler!"

The Secretary colored. "If it wasn't for that skunk Winkle I wouldn't be doing this, Martha!" he said. "A man, by Jove, that I've been a friend to for thirty years—and now his low, underhand course is forcing me to wear myself to the bone to protect myself from him! I'll get something on him some day. You see if I don't. And then, let him look out!"

IV

"YOU don't say so! You don't say so!" the Secretary exclaimed, round-eyed with a shocked surprise. "Well, well!"

"So I'm told," Adams repeated as one who would not flinch from the truth, however disagreeable. "I've heard it from two different sources."

"Well, well!" the Secretary exclaimed again. "And Billy Winkle! Poor devil! I hope it ain't true, Adams! I hope it ain't true. By Jove, those foreign fellows will shoot, too! I hope it ain't true! Winkle *has* been running around a good deal, though, for a man whose wife is an invalid."

"He was in her box at the theatre last night," the Assistant observed. "She's certainly a beauty."

(Continued on Page 23)

"I Don't Care," He Affirmed Flippantly

"GETTING THAT HOME"

(Told by Jan, the Big Polish Laborer)

By ERNEST POOLE

Toward Morning That was a Terrible Face in the Dark!

I WILL not marry *him!*" cried little Marie, very excited. "Jan! I will marry *you!*"

I jumped back a little. I am a very slow man. But then I began to smile down at this young little woman harder and harder like a fool, and I felt warm, shaking glad all over! Because this was exactly what I wanted!

The other fellow was Franz. Two years ago he had left this Polish village and gone to America. Then I had come here to help build a house and a barn, for I was a carpenter. And once I saw little Marie come dancing down the road; I just looked—till she danced out of sight; and after that I tried to see her every day, mostly when I thought she did not see me. (But I have found since that

"You Poor Fellows Will Never Get a Job Till You Bribe a Foreman"

she always did.) Well, whenever I did speak to her I got all mixed up and anxious to get away; and the minute I was away I got angry, thinking of some good thing I might have said—sometimes even a joke. But I was slow and had only thirty dollars saved, so I decided to work harder and get some money, and in two years I would ask her to be my wife. But in only two weeks some fellow told me Marie had promised long ago to marry Franz in Chicago. Then I stopped sleeping at night. At first I was only angry; in my head I made a picture of this Franz—a very ugly fellow, smiling—and my arms were round his chest till his ribs began to crackle! But after three nights like this, one night I walked over the fields till the day, and decided to go to America. I told her, and I said I hoped she would be very happy with Franz. But now she cried:

"Jan! I will marry *you!*" I took her little arm and held it tighter and tighter, and all my thoughts were rushing round. But she looked up.

"Well?" she cried angrily. "Why don't you——"

"Franz!" I whispered. "What—what about Franz?"

She laughed a shaking laugh.

"Franz is rich!" she cried. "He thinks quick and he can joke. But you—you—you are terribly slow, Jan! Terribly slow!"

All at once I saw what she meant!

In about an hour, when we looked around us, no one had seen but an old brown dog, excited and barking.

"Well," I said, laughing, "no America now! I will stay right here!"

"Oh, no, you won't!" she cried. "You will go right to Chicago! Your ticket is bought and you must not waste it. Besides—America is best for us. I made up my mind about that many weeks before you—asked me!"

So I decided to go.

"You must work hard," she said the next week, at the train, "and get a home, and then I will come. Write to me how you are getting that home—exactly; don't you hide anything. In America every man can be rich as a Polish prince, if he is only quick enough. But you are slow. Oh, Jan, try to be quick—quick as you can!" Now I held her tight, with my head down to hers, while she cried: "Quick as you can!" she whispered. "Jan, I want that home!"

Well, I tell you I wanted to be quick! And when the train moved she waved and her black eyes were shining with the tears, but she laughed; and then I felt I could get that home in no time.

. . . . . .

But it felt harder soon. Other crowds were joined to ours, each of us had a big ticket tied to his coat, people pointed and laughed, we were hustled along like goats and cows, and that is how we felt. Only on the ship it was better, for we had no storms, and I met a fellow who taught me a game of cards, and we played all day.

But all the time I was thinking how to get it.

At last we came to Chicago. I was taken to a dirty yellow wooden house, and I paid a fat Polish man three of my eighteen dollars so I could eat and sleep there a week. In my room were four other Polish fellows who had just come, and each of us had a mattress on the floor. The room had nothing else—but cobwebs. The plaster walls were dirty and broken and all scribbled up with bad jokes and swearing. Only one fellow had made a fine picture of a Polish farm with a woman, a cow and two babies; and under this he had written some words that in English would mean: "I was a fool!"

And I felt the same way myself.

Well, we all ate supper and then went out on the narrow porch to smoke our pipes. There were about twenty other men who had been here longer and all had jobs—so they were talking. But we five new fellows just looked up at the big black steelworks.

"It looks like a hell, doesn't it?" said a little Polish man who came over to us. His yellow hair stood up stiff, his face was narrow and had all the muscles tight; his eyes were bright. "Yes," he said, "this is one of the hells of the earth!"

But I liked to look at it. It was big as one of our old Polish fortress towns—and all on fire! Big black buildings—some high and some low, and tall chimneys with flames pouring up through clouds of red smoke. It made a low, roaring noise and it smelt of burning. It made the whole night hot. Even the air was shaking.

"They must work very quick here," I said at last.

He laughed. "You will see!" he cried.

I looked back at my mattress. I always knew I was slow, but I never felt slower than now.

"Well," I said, "anyway—let's have a game of cards." I brought the cards from my pocket and taught the fellows my game, and we played on the edge of the porch by a lantern. I played because I wanted to feel more quiet; but I kept looking at those pouring flames, and so did the other men. At last we were all just looking and listening.

"The fellows in there must make millions of dollars," said some one.

"I will show you," said the little Pole, and he took us for a walk. We walked for about two hours, and everything was hot. We saw nothing but dark streets and sidewalks full of holes, and cats and piles of dry mud and dirty little houses. The smells were bad and babies were crying. We saw no fellow here that looked at all rich. At last we came back and looked up again at those works. The moon had come up now—just over the flames. And even the moon looked small and sick in this country.

I was still thinking how I could get it.

I could not sleep. I got a pencil and some paper and sat down on the edge of the porch by the lantern, and I lit another pipe to think with. I had promised little Marie I would write the first night. And now I wished I had not! Because if I could only wait I might yet see one clean house for our home.

All at once I could hear her—like a dream—saying: "Jan! I will marry *you!*" And this was fine for an hour.

Then I woke up—and this was worse. But I jumped up and swore at myself and decided to do like a man. I would get that home, and a clean one too, for I knew little Marie would rather be dead than dirty.

I would get it! But now she must not be made sick by the things I had seen. So I just wrote:

"I have seen already a fine house. It is small, but it is clean and it has a garden and it is covered with big red and blue flowers. I never saw any flowers like these red and blue ones. We will have a fine home here!"

All Hoping to Get a Job

I had told a big lie and now I could not sleep at all.

When the daylight began I walked to the works to get a job. Out of the chimneys the fire was still pouring, but you could hardly see it, because, 'way behind, the big round sun was rising hot and bright. At the gates I found already twenty-seven men, and by five-thirty there were about six hundred more—all hoping to get a job. Soon all stopped talking and got very quiet. Every fellow just looked at that door. Some grinned, but most did not. One tall, thin man near me shook all over and sat quickly down on a board. Because the big bell was striking six.

Well, only thirty-two got jobs. And the rest of us walked around all day—hoping.

I was looking at the new sights. About nine o'clock a rich, thin man came in a big, long automobile. This was a strange thing to me, and I was a carpenter, so I wanted to see how it worked; but when I was bending to look beneath it something exploded right by my head and I fell over. I heard all the fellows laughing; the driver had just done this like a joke. So I got up and laughed, and then he liked me and showed me about it. And all that morning I asked Polish fellows about other things. I heard about trusts and automobile races and fine hotels and yachts and divorces and murders. Most of these came out of a newspaper that one fellow read to us—from English into Polish. It had big red letters and pictures. We listened and looked. But when I wrote all this to Marie, I said:

"Don't believe them all. Maybe most of them are lies." Because in our part of the city I saw no rich things—only that automobile. But I walked around—a mile away, and at last in a week I found nine little houses that were clean, and one even had a garden and about ten flowers. So that first letter of mine was not quite a lie.

But still I could get no job in the works. And outside, when I asked people in houses to let me fix broken shutters and other things, they said:

"The big company ought to fix these things, but they never do. Go to them." And at last I found the office of this company, but they laughed and I got no job.

I heard that some Polish fellows worked cleaning the streets—'way off in fine parts of the city. But these fellows laughed and said:

"You can't get a job like ours because you can't vote!"

I tried to think this out. I asked the little Pole, and at once he gave me a loud and excited talk about political things; he talked about grafters and capitalist parties and told me to join the Socialist party. But I got sick of his talk.

"Can your party give me a job?" I asked. And when he said they could not, I walked off.

Now, every day I slowly learned a few more English words, because this would help.

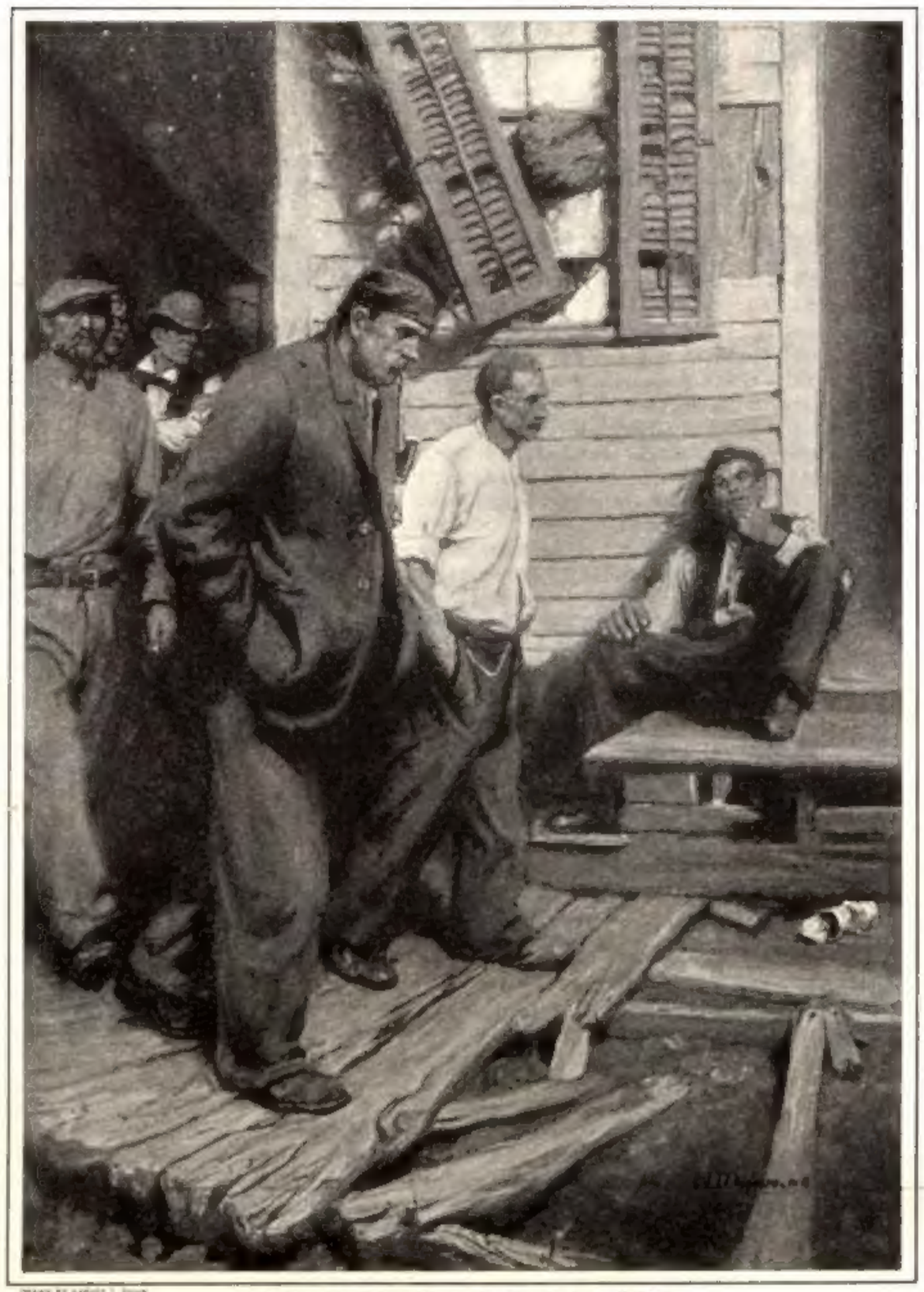
Every morning at five o'clock I was by the works, waiting. Hundreds of those fellows waiting looked thin and hollow and coughed, and some were fools and had made it worse by drinking. In our room none of us five had a job, and the three weeks had taken most of our money. Two had none left and three of us loaned them some. And now we were coming very near the end.

So at night we played my game of cards. We played hard and laughed like jokers. But it is no joke to have no job.

Now I got a letter from Marie. At first I could not make it out; but when I did, then I was excited! You see on that first night I had written too fast in the bad light of the lantern, and instead of writing "I have *seen* already a fine house," I had left out this word "seen."

"I never thought you would get it so quick!" she wrote. "Dear, big, old Jan—I thought you were slow! I love you *very much* and soon I will come! We will be so happy that I am happy already—I can hardly wait! Jan—I am beginning to make some beautiful dresses!" And then she wrote how she was making these dresses, but this I did not care about at all. I walked and walked—thinking. How soon would she come? I told the other four fellows and they thought it was a joke on me, but they were wrong.

"Look here!" I shouted. "You don't know this woman! She is little, but she is able to be very angry!" You see, I knew her



We Saw No Fellow Here that Looked at all Rich

Again I walked fast by myself to think. Then I wrote: "I have no fine house. I have only four dollars and thirty-eight cents." But this looked so bad that I tore it up; and I decided to wait and write nothing, because maybe I would get a good job soon.

Now I learned about graft. One night the little Pole came to our room. The five of us had only eight dollars in the world, and for two days we had stopped tobacco, so we were all feeling cross.

"You poor fellows will never get a job," he said, "till you bribe a foreman. There are so many men wanting unskilled labor jobs, and you can't speak English. So you must buy a job."

We just looked at him.

"How much for one job?" I asked at last.

"Five dollars."

We kept looking. Soon he saw how bad we felt, and his voice grew angry and low:

"You fellows have come to America, and what have you to sell? Only the strength of your arms. But what chance does one of you have in selling his strength to the Steel Trust? How can you get a fair price for your strength? You must take what they give, you must even pay a foreman for a job, or you will starve!"

"Oh, stop your noise!" I cried, jumping up. He looked at me—surprised.

"Why?" he asked. "Don't I speak the truth?"

"Yes!" I shouted, shaking my fist down at his face. "Yes! And that's why I don't want to talk about it! . . . Here, let's have a game of cards."

I threw the cards on the floor, and by the lantern we played and played, very fast—till my head got quiet and I could think. At last we stopped and looked at each other.

"Well," I said, "we will have to give it."

In two hours more we decided to buy one job. And the one who got it would divide his money with the others till we all got jobs. Then we drew lots, and I was the one. The next afternoon I went to a foreman and quietly bought a job.

I was on the night squad. We worked from six at night till six in the morning, with an hour at midnight for dinner. I was in a gang that carried long bars of iron. This was August, and the air was so thick it felt like breathing hot tobacco smoke—without that good feeling. The noise was like trains of cars all around you; you had to shout to talk. Everywhere men were rushing to work fast, in the red light, half-naked like devils.

One night one of the big bosses came up to a gang that was working round a tall hammer-bar. This was moved by steam and was always pounding and crashing. The boss swore a fine long bunch of words at the men, and then he cried:

"This is the slowest gang I ever saw! The old gang used to *bust* this bar every six weeks! That's your business! It's here to be busted!"

"No!" I shouted, suddenly raging hot inside. "No! No!" My English was not good, so I could only say a little.

He turned slowly and looked at me—surprised.

"What do *you* mean?" he asked.

"I am not here to be busted!" I shouted in Polish. Then they all laughed, and someone told him this in English.

"I said the bar!" he cried. "Not you!"

But the men were Irish, and they all kept laughing at him—till he grinned, and then he laughed, too.

Well, for a long time I thought we *were* there to be busted. Near the daylight the men got tired and sleepy and so they got hurt. I saw one killed and seven more hurt the first week. This was their own fault. But at other times it was not. There was one blast-furnace where the fire had roared day and night for six years. I wondered how they could be sure the flames were not eating out through the thick brick walls. And, sure enough, one night they did—with a roar! The steel shot out like water from a fire-hose—a white, flaming stream that lit the blackness! You could just see the little dark men jumping and tumbling for their lives!

Fourteen were killed that night.

The company had a good, clean hospital right in the grounds, where they took all accidents free. And I thought this was fine—till one little Irishman said to me:

"Tell me, Big One, what good is a hospital to a man if his wife is a widow?"

I thought this out, and I saw that for such a man a hospital is no good at all.

Now, all this looked bad. But soon I began to see the truth. You see, there were over five thousand of us, and only about thirty got hurt a week; so the rest of us were all right. And a lot of these accidents happened because the men were hard drinkers, so their nerve was not steady in exciting places. I did not drink, and soon I got used to the air and the noise, and the fire kept me awake. I began to like it!

And, anyway, I was always thinking how to get that home.

I thought now that I could get it. I felt no longer like a fool. I had a job. I talked more and more with my foreman, and he liked me. Once, at dinner, I told him about Marie—just a little. And he told me all I needed was to work faster and soon I would be paid more. So I worked faster, and he paid me twenty cents more a day. But then he swore at the other fellows because they did not keep up with me; and four of these fellows swore very low at me because I was making them work faster, so I swore back; and soon almost always some one was swearing. The foreman asked me if I had any friends who wanted jobs. He discharged these four slow fellows, and I brought in my four friends.

Now I felt fine! I no longer had to divide my wages, and I was making eight dollars a week. I only spent three dollars a week for the mattress and food, and five cents a week for tobacco, and fifty cents for a new shirt. I wrote to Marie that I was doing so well I could get jobs *free* for my friends.

But in three weeks she wrote back:

"You write to me nothing about that house. Jan, don't you buy it till I come! The brick oven may be bad for baking, and besides there is the well and the wash-lines. About such things you are stupid as two men put together. I think I must come to you now so that we will spend the money right. And Jan—you must be lonely, too."

I was worried. Just now the foreman had stopped paying me the extra twenty cents, because the whole gang

was working faster, and he said if he paid it to me he must pay it to all. Then the work slackened a little and he discharged two of my friends, and I loaned them a little money. I had very little left. So I wrote her:

"Please Marie—don't come too soon. I am not lonely. I have many good friends. So stay for about a year."

I knew she would be angry at this, but what else could I do? She would be even angrier if she came and saw that all the house I had was a mattress, and that I had told big lies.

But in a month she wrote a strange letter.

"I am very glad you are not lonely," she wrote. "I am not lonely either. I am having a fine time. I have been getting many nice letters from Franz. He wants me to come to Chicago and marry him. I don't know what I will do. But I am not lonely."

She was not angry at all, she was glad! So now I myself got angry and even lonelier than ever, and when I felt how lonely I was I got angrier still. While I worked I swore! I must find this ugly-faced Franz!

I tried a long time, and at last I found him in one of the mills. And at once I stopped and stared at him. I have never felt worse than I felt then.

He was not ugly. He was very tall—nearly as tall as me; but he was not like me, he was a finely cut-out man; all the moves of his arms and legs were quick. He was running a machine very fast, but still he had time to joke and laugh with the fellows round him. And when he laughed he had fine teeth. I hated to look at him.

Just then his dinner-hour began, and soon we got talking. I told him I was from his village. And he was glad to talk about the village people, till one of his American friends came up and shouted in English:

"Hello, Frank! How about that Sunday picnic?"

Then at once he turned and got talking about some American girls. He laughed and said he loved two or three of them at once.

I got angry—hot all over! Why had he asked Marie to come? What did he mean to do with her? I must stop this quick; I must keep her from coming! But I must not tell her how poor I was, or she would think I could never marry, and so she might come to Franz. I decided to lie again.

I went to see this fellow at home. He had two rooms in a fine, clean house. Some one took care of his rooms and cooked good meals, and he had beer. I noticed all his furniture and I asked all about his picnics and dances.

Then I went home and wrote to her all about my two rooms and my furniture, my picnics and my dances.

"Don't you come and marry Franz," I wrote. "I am sure I can make you as happy as he can—if you will only wait! I will never marry any one else. Only you. So don't you marry Franz!"

And in the shed back of our house I began to make this furniture. I borrowed some tools and bought some lumber. Soon I found these varnished American chairs were very badly made, so I made mine in the good old Polish shapes. And I wrote to Marie about the fine furniture I was *buying* for our house. I began to like this lying.

At my job I worked so fast that I got up to nine dollars. And outside of work-hours I hunted all through the mills for a better job, but I found that the better jobs were all at machines. Now, I could use a saw and a plane very well, but these quick machines I hated. The first one I tried cut off the end of one finger, because my hand was too big and slow. So I went back to my old laborer job.

One morning, at a quarter of six, I had a big hook and carried one end of a long red-hot bar. I was tired from the all-night work and from thinking about this little woman and what she would do. So I dropped my end—and it struck the ground very close to my feet. The gang jumped

(Concluded on Page 15)

THE FIGHTING CHANCE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC.

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VII—(Continued)

WHEN Siward came out of his dressing-room Sylvia was apparently still in the hands of the maid. So he sauntered through the house as far as the library, and drawing a check-book from one pocket, fished out a memorandum-book from another, and began to cast up totals with a view to learning something about the various debts contracted at Shotover.

He seemed to owe everybody. Fortune had smitten him hip and thigh; and, a trifle concerned, he began covering a pad with figures until he knew where he stood. Then he drew a considerable check to Major Belwether's order, another to Alderdene. Others followed to other people for various amounts; and he was very busily at work when, aware of another presence near, he turned around in his chair. Sylvia Landis was writing at a desk in the corner, and she looked up, nodding the little greeting that she always reserved for him even after five minutes' separation.

"I'm writing checks," she said. "I suppose you're writing to your mother."

"Why do you think so?" he asked curiously.

"You write to her every day, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "but how do you know?"

She looked at him with unblushing deliberation. "You wrote every day. . . . If it was to a woman, I wanted to know. . . . And I told Grace Ferrall that it worried me. And then Grace told me. Is there any other confession of my own pettiness that I can make to you."

"Did you really care to whom I was writing?" he asked slowly.

"Care? I—it worried me. Was it not a pitifully common impulse? 'Sisters under our skin,' you know—I and the maid who dresses me. She would have snooped; I didn't; that's the only generic difference. I wanted to know just the same. . . . But—that was before——"

"Before what?"

"Before I—please don't ask me to say it. . . . I did, once, when you asked me."

"Before you cared for me. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes. You are so cruelly literal when you wish to punish me. . . . You are interrupting me, too. I owe that wretched Kemp Ferrall a lot of money, and I'm trying to find out how much seven and nine are, to close accounts with Marion Page."

Siward turned and continued his writing. And when the little sheaf of checks was ready he counted them, laid them aside, and, drawing a flat packet of fresh bank-notes from his portfolio, counted out the tips expected of him below stairs. These arranged for, he straightened up and glanced over his shoulder at Sylvia, but she was apparently absorbed in counting something on the ends of her fingers, so he turned smilingly to his desk and wrote a long letter to his mother—the same tender, affectionately boyish letter he had always written her, full of confidences, full of humor, gayly anticipating his own return to her on the heels of the letter.

In his first letter to her from Shotover he had spoken casually of a Miss Landis. It seemed the name was familiar enough to his mother, who asked about her; and he had replied in another letter or two, a trifle emphatic in his praise of her, because from his mother's letters it was quite evident that she knew a good deal concerning the very unconventional affairs of Sylvia's family.

Of his swift and somewhat equivocal courtship he had had nothing to say in his letters; in fact recently he had nothing to say about Sylvia at all, reserving that vital confidence for the clear sympathy and understanding which he looked forward to when he should see her, and which, through dark days and bitter aftermaths, through struggle and defeat by his master-vice, had never failed him yet—never faltered for an instant.

So he brought his letter to a close with a tender and uneasy inquiry concerning her health, which, she had intimated, was not exactly satisfactory, and for that reason she had opened the house in town in order to be near Doctor Grisby, their family physician.

Sealing and directing the letter, he looked up to see Sylvia standing at his elbow. She dropped a light hand on his shoulder for a second, barely touching him—a fugitive caress, delicate as the smile hovering on her lips, as the shy tenderness in her eyes.

"More letters to your sweetheart?" she asked, abandoning her hand to him.

"One more—the last before I see her. . . . I wish you could see her, Sylvia."

"I wish so, too," she answered simply, seating herself on the arm of his chair as though it were a side-saddle.

They sat there very silent for a few moments, curiously oblivious to the chance curiosity of any one who might enter or pass.

"Would she—care for me—do you think?" asked the girl in a low voice.

"I think so—for your real self."

"I know. She could only feel contempt for me—as I am."

"She is old-fashioned," he said reverently.

"That means all that is best in a woman. . . . The old fashion of truth and faith; the old fashion of honor, and faith in honor; the old, old fashion of love. . . . All that is best, Stephen; all that is worth the love of a man. . . . Some day somebody will revive those fashions."

"Will you?"

"Dear, they would not become me," she said, the tenderness in her eyes deepening a little; and she touched his head lightly in humorous caress.

"What shall we do with the waning daylight?" she asked. "It is my last day with you. I told Howard it was my last day with you, and I did not care to be disturbed."

"You probably didn't say it that way," he commented, amused.

"I did."

"How much of that sort of thing is he prepared to stand?" asked Siward curiously.

"How much? I don't know. I don't believe he cares. It is my uncle, Major Belwether, who is making things unpleasant for me. I had to tell Howard, you know."

"What?" exclaimed Siward incredulously.

"Certainly. Do you think my conduct has passed without protest?"

"You *told* Quarrier!" he repeated.

"Did you imagine I could do otherwise?" she asked coolly. "I have that much decency left. Certainly I told him. Do you suppose that, after what we did—what I admitted to you—that I could meet him as usual? Do you think I am afraid of him?"

"I thought you were afraid of losing him," muttered Siward.

"I was, dreadfully. And the morning after you and I had been imprudent enough to sit up until nearly daylight, I made him take a long walk with me, and I told him plainly that I cared for you, that I was too selfish and cowardly to marry you, and that if he couldn't endure the news he was at liberty to terminate the engagement without notice."

"What did he say?" stammered Siward.

"A number of practical things."

"You mean to say he stands it!"

"It appears so. What else is there for him to do, unless he breaks the engagement?"

"And he—hasn't?"

"No. I was informed that he held me strictly and precisely to my promise; that he would never release me voluntarily, though I was, of course, at liberty to do what I chose. . . . My poor friend, he cares no more for love than do I. I happen to be the one woman in New York whom he considers absolutely suitable for him—by race, by breeding, by virtue of appearance and presence, eminently fitted to complete the material portion of his fortune and estate."

Her voice had hardened as she spoke; now it rang a little at the end, and she laughed unpleasantly.

"It appears that I was a little truer to myself than you gave me credit for—a little truer to you—a little less treacherous, less shameless, than you must have thought me. But I have gone to my limit of decency; . . . and, were I ten times more in love with you than I am, I could not put away the position and power offered me. Yet I will not lie for it nor betray for it. . . . Do you remember, once you asked me for what reasons I dropped men from my list? And I told you, because of any falsehood or treachery, any betrayal of trust—and for no other reason. You remember? And did you suppose that elemental standard of decency did not include women—even such a woman as I?"

She dropped one arm on the back of his chair and rested her chin on it, staring at space across his shoulders.

"That's how it had to be, you see, when I found that I cared for you. There was nothing to do but to tell him. I was quite certain that it was all off; but I found that I didn't know the man. I knew he was sensitive, but I didn't know he was sensitive to personal ridicule only, and to nothing else in all the world that I can discover. I—I suppose, from my frankness to him, he has concluded that no ridicule could ever touch him through me. I mean, he trusts me enough to marry me. . . . He will be safe enough, as far as my personal conduct is concerned," she added naïvely. "It seems that I am capable of love; but I am incapable of its degradation."

Siward, leaning heavily forward over his desk, rested his head in both hands; and she stooped from her perch on the arm of the chair, pressing her hot cheeks against his hands—a moment only; then slipping to her feet, she curled up in a great armchair by the fire, head tipped back, blue gaze concentrated on him.

"The thing for you to do," she said, "is to ambush me some night, and throw me into a hansom, and drive us both to the parson's. I'd hate you for it as much as I'd love you, but I'd make you an interesting wife."

"I may do that yet," he said, lifting his head from his hands.

"You've a year to do it in," she observed. . . . "By the way, you're to take me in to dinner, as you did the first night. Do you remember? I asked Grace Ferrall then. I asked her again to-day. Heigho! It was years ago, wasn't it, that I drove up to the station and saw a very attractive and perplexed young man looking anxiously about for somebody to take him to Shotover? Ahem! the notorious Mr. Siward! Dear, . . . I didn't mean to hurt you! You know it, silly! Mayn't I have my little joke about your badness—your redoubtable badness of reputation? There! You had just better smile. . . . How dare you frighten me by making me think I had hurt you! . . . Besides, you are probably unrepentant."

She watched him closely for a moment or two, then, "*Are* you unrepentant?"

"About what?"

"About your general wickedness? About——" she hesitated—"about that girl, for example."

"What girl?" he asked coldly.

"That reminds me that you have told me absolutely nothing about her."

"There is nothing to tell," he said, in a tone so utterly new to her in its finality that she sat up as though listening to an unknown voice.

Tone and words so completely excluded her from the new intimacy into which she had imperceptibly drifted that both suddenly developed a significance from sheer contrast. Who was this girl, then, of whom he had absolutely nothing to say? What was she to him? What could she be to him—an actress, a woman of common antecedents?

She had sometimes idly speculated in an indefinitely innocent way as to just what a well-born man could find to interest him in such women; what he could have to talk about to persons of that sort, where community of tastes and traditions must be so absolutely lacking.

Gossip, scandal of that nature, hints, silences, innuendoes, the wise shrugs of young girls oversophisticated, the cool, hard smiles of matrons, all had left her indifferent or bored, partly from distaste, partly from sheer incredulity; a refusal to understand, an innate delicacy that not only refrains from comprehension, but also denies itself even the curiosity to inquire or the temptation of vaguest surmise on a subject that could not exist for her.

But now, something of the uncomfortable uneasiness had come over her which she had been conscious of when made aware of Marion Page's worldly wisdom, and which had imperceptibly chilled her when Grace Ferrall spoke of Siward's escapade, coupling this woman and him in the same scandal.

She took it for granted that there must be, for men, an attraction toward women who figured publicly behind the footlights, though it appeared very silly to her. In fact it all was silly and undignified—part and parcel, no doubt, of that undergraduate foolishness which seemed to cling to some men who had otherwise attained discretion.

But it appeared to her that Siward had taken the matter with a seriousness entirely out of proportion in his curt closure of the subject, and she felt a little irritated, a little humiliated, a little hurt, and took refuge in a silence that he did not offer to break.

Early twilight had fallen in the room; the firelight grew redder.

"Sylvia," he said abruptly, reverting to the old, light tone hinting of the laughter in his eyes which she could no longer see, "suppose, as you suggested, I did ambush you—say after the opera—seize you under the very nose of your escort and make madly for a hansom?"

"I know of no other way," she said demurely.

"Would you resist, physically?"

"I would, if nobody were looking."

"Desperately?"

"How do I know? Besides, it couldn't last long," she said, thinking of his slimly powerful build as she had noticed it in his swimming costume. Smiling, amused, she wondered how long she could resist him with her own wholesome supple activity strengthened to the perfection of health in saddle and afoot.

"I should advise you to chloroform me," she said defiantly. "You don't realize my accomplishments with the punching-bag."

"So you mean to resist?"

"Yes, I do. If I were going to surrender at once I might as well go off to church with you now."

"Wenniston Church!" he said promptly. "I'll order the auto."

She laughed, lazily settling herself more snugly by the fire. "Suppose it were *our* fire?" she smiled. "There would be a dog lying across that rug, and a comfortable Angora tabby dozing by the fender, and—you, cross-legged, at my feet, with that fascinating head of yours tipped back against my knees."

The laughter in her voice died out, and he had risen, saying unsteadily: "Don't! I—I can't stand that sort of thing, you know."

She had made a mistake, too; she also had suddenly become aware of her own limits in the same direction.

"Forgive me, dear! I meant no mockery."

"I know. . . . After a while a man finds laughter difficult."

"I was not laughing at—anything. I was only pretending to be happy."

"Your happiness is before you," he said sullenly.

"My future, you mean. You know I am exchanging one for the other. . . . And some day you will awake to the infamy of it; you will comprehend the depravity of the monstrous trade I made. . . . And then—and then——" she passed one slim hand over her face—"then you will shake yourself free from this dream of me; then, awake, my punishment at your hands will begin. . . . Dear, no man in his right senses can continue to love a girl such as I am. All that is true and ardent and generous in you has invested my physical attractiveness and my small intellect with a magic that cannot last, because it is magic; and you are the magician, enmeshed for the moment in the mists of your own enchantment. When this fades, when you unclose your eyes in clear daylight, dear, I dread to think what I shall appear to you—what a dreadful, shrunken, bloodless shell, hung with lace and scented, silken cerements—a jeweled mummy-case—a thing that never was! . . . Do you understand my punishment a little, now?"

"If it were true," he said in a dull voice, "you will have forgotten, too."

"I pray I may," she said under her breath.

And, after a long silence: "Do you think, before the year is out, that you might be granted enough courage?" he asked.

"No. I shall not even pray for it. I *want* what is offered me! I desire it so blindly that already it has become part of me. I tell you the poison is in every vein; there is nothing else but poison in me. I am what I tell you, to the core. It is past my own strength of will to stop me, now. If I am stopped, another must do it. My weakness for you, being a treachery if not confessed, I was obliged to confess, horribly frightened as I was. He might have stopped me; he did not. . . . And now, what is there on earth to halt me? Love cannot. Common decency and courage cannot. Fear of your unhappiness and mine cannot. No, even the certitude of your contempt, some day, is powerless to halt me now. I could not love; I am utterly incapable of loving you enough to balance the sacrifice. And that is final."

. . . . . .

Grace Ferrall came into the room and found a duel of silence in progress under the dull fire-glow tinting the ceiling.

"Another quarrel," she commented, turning on the current of the drop-light above the desk from which Siward had risen at her entrance. "You quarrel enough to marry. Why don't you?"

"I wish we could," said Sylvia simply.

Grace laughed. "What a little fool you are!" she said tenderly, seating herself in Siward's chair and dropping one hand over his where it rested on the arm. "Stephen, can't you make her—a big, strong fellow like you? Oh, well; on your heads be it! My conscience is now clear for the first time, and I'll never meddle again." She gave Siward's hand a perfunctory pat and released him with a discreetly stifled yawn. "I'm disgracefully sleepy; the wind blew like fury along the coast. Sylvia, *have* you had a good time at Shotover—the time of your life?"

Sylvia raised her eyes and encountered Siward's.

"I certainly have," she said faintly.

"*C'est bien, cherie.* Can you be as civil, Stephen—conscientiously? Oh, that is very nice of you! But there's one thing: *why* on earth didn't you make eyes at Marion? Life might be one long, blissful carnival of horse and dog for you both. Oh, dear! there, I'm meddling again! Pinch me, Sylvia, if I ever begin to meddle again! How did you come out at Bridge, Stephen? What bad as that? Gracious! this is disgraceful—this gambling the way people do! I'm shocked, and I'm going up to dress. Are you coming, Sylvia?"

. . . . . .

The dinner was very gay. The ceremony of christening the Shotover Cup, which Quarrier had won, proceeded with presentation speech and a speech of acceptance faultlessly commonplace, during which Quarrier wore his smile—which was the only humorous thing he contributed.

The cup was full. Siward eyed it, perplexed, deadly afraid, yet seeing no avenue of escape from what must appear a public exhibition of contempt for Quarrier if he refused to taste its contents. That meant a bad night for him; yet he shrank more from the certain misinterpretation of a refusal to drink from the huge loving-cup with its heavy wreath of scented orchids, now already on its way toward him, than he feared the waking struggle so sure to follow.

Marion received the cup, lifted it in both hands, and said distinctly, "Good hunting!" as she drank to Quarrier. Her brother Gordon took it, and drank entirely too much. Then Sylvia lifted it, her white hands half buried among the orchids: "To *you!*" she murmured for Siward's ear alone; then drank gayly, mischievously, "To the best shot at Shotover!" And Siward took the cup: "I salute victory," he said, smiling, "always and everywhere! To him who takes the fighting chance and wins out! To the *best* man! Health!" And he drank as a gentleman drinks, with a gay bow to Quarrier and with death in his heart.

Later, the irony of it struck him so grimly that he laughed; and Sylvia, beside him, looked up, dismayed to see the gray change in his face.

"What is it?" she faltered, catching his eye. "Why do you—why are you so white?"

But he only smiled, as though he had misunderstood, saying:

"The survival of the fittest; that is the only test, after all. The man who makes good doesn't whine for justice. There's enough of it in the world to go round, and he who misses it gets all that's due him just the same."

Later, at cards, the aromatic odor from Alderdene's decanter roused him to fierce desire, but he fought it down until only the deadened, tearing ache remained to shake and loosen every nerve. And when Ferrall, finishing his usual batch of business letters, arrived to cut in if needed, Siward dropped his cards with a shudder, and rose so utterly unnerved that Captain Voucher, noticing his drawn face, asked him if he were not ill.

He was leaving on an earlier train than the others, having decided to pass through Boston and Deptford. So he took a quiet leave of those to whom the civility might not prove an interruption—a word to Alderdene and Voucher as he passed out, a quick clasp for Ferrall and for Grace, a carefully and cordially formal parting from the Page boys, which pleased them ineffably.

Eileen and Rena, who had never had half a chance at him, took it now, delighted to discipline their faithful Pages; and he submitted in his own engagingly agreeable way, and so skillfully that both Eileen and Rena felt sorry that they had not earlier understood how civilly anxious he had been to devote himself to them alone. And they looked at the Pages, exasperated.

In the big hall he passed Marion, and stopped to take his leave.

No, he would do no hunting this season either at Carysford or with the two trial packs at Eastwood. Possibly at Warrenton later, but probably not; business threatened to detain him in town more or less. . . . He'd come to see her when she returned to town. . . . And it *had* been a jolly party, and it was a shame to sound "lights out" so soon! Good-by. . . . Good-night. And that was all.

And that was all, unless he disturbed Sylvia, seated at cards with Quarrier and Major Belwether and Leila Mortimer—very intent on the dummy, very still, and a trifle pallid with the pallor of concentration.

So—that was all, then.

Ascending the stairs, a servant handed him a letter bearing the crest of the Lenox Club. He pocketed it unopened and continued his way.

In the darkness of his own room he sat down, the devil's own clutch on his shrinking nerves, a deathly desire tearing at his very vitals, and every vein a tiny trail of fire run riot. He had been too long without it, too long to endure the craving aroused by that gay draft from Quarrier's loving-cup.

The awakened fury of his desire appalled him, and for a while that occupied him, enabling him to endure. But fear and dismay soon passed in the purely physical distress; he walked the floor, haggard, the sweat starting on his face; he lay with clenched hands, stiffened out across the bed, deafened by the riotous clamor of his pulses, conscious that he was holding out, unconscious how long he could hold out.

Crisis after crisis swept him; sometimes he found his feet and moved blindly about the room.

Strange periods of calm intervened; sensation seemed deadened; and he stood as a man who listens, scarcely daring to breathe lest the enemy awake and seize him.

He turned on the light, later, to look for his pipe, and he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. It was a sick man who stared back at him out of hollow eyes, and the physical revulsion shocked him into something resembling self-command.

"I'll kill you yet before I've finished with you!" he said fiercely, setting his teeth and staring back at his reflected face.

Then he filled his pipe, and opening his bedroom window, sat down, resting his arm on the sill. A splendid moon silvered the sea; through the intense stillness he heard the surf, magnificently dissonant among the reefs, and he listened, fascinated, loathing the tides as he feared and loathed the inexorable tides that surged and ebbed with his accursed desire.

Once he said to himself, weakly—for he was deadly tired: "What am I making the fight for?" And, "*Who* are you making the fight for?" echoed his heavy pulses.

"It Seems that I am Capable of Love; but I am Incapable of its Degradation"

He had asked that question and received that answer before. After all, it had been for his mother's sake alone. And now—and now?—his heart beat out another answer; and before his eyes two other eyes seemed to open, fearlessly, sweetly, divinely tender.

After the second pipe he remembered his letter. It gave him something to do, so he opened it and tried to read it, but for a long while, in his confused physical and mental condition, he could make no sense of it.

Little by little he began to comprehend its purport: that his resignation was regretfully requested by the governors of the Lenox Club for reasons unassigned.

The shock of the thing came to him after a while, like a distant, dull report long after the flash of the explosion. Well, the affair, bad enough at first, was turning worse, that was all. How much of that sort of discredit could a man stand and keep his balance? . . . And what would his mother say?

Confused from his own physical suffering, the blow had fallen with a deadened force on nerves already numbed; but his half-stupefied acquiescence had suddenly become a painful recoil when he remembered where the brunt of the disgrace would fall—where the centre of suffering must always be, and the keenest grief concentrated. Roused, appalled, almost totally unnerved, he stood staring at the letter, beginning to realize what it would mean to his mother. A passion of remorse and resentment swept him. She *must* be spared that! There must be some way some punishment for his offense that could not strike her through him! It was wicked, it was contemptible, insane, to strike her! What were the governors of the Lenox about—a lot of sniveling hypocrites, pandering to the horrified snobbery at the Patroons! Who were they, anyway, to discipline him? Scarce one in fifty among the members of the two clubs was qualified to sit in judgment on a Siward!

But that tempest of passion and mortification passed, too, leaving him standing there, dumb, desperate, staring at the letter crushed in his shaking hand.

He must see somebody, some member of the Lenox, and do something—*something!* Ferrall! Was that Ferrall's step on the landing?

He sprang to the door and opened it. Quarrier, passing the corridor, turned an expressionless visage toward him, and passed on with a nod almost imperceptible.

"Quarrier!" he called, swept by a sudden impulse.

Quarrier halted and turned.

"Could you give me a moment—here in my room? I won't detain you."

The faint trace of surprise faded from Quarrier's face; he quietly retraced his steps, and, entering Siward's room, stood silently confronting its pallid tenant.

"Will you sit down a moment?"

Quarrier seated himself in the armchair by the window, and Siward found a chair opposite.

"Quarrier," said the younger man, turning a tensely miserable face on his visitor, "I want to ask you something. I'll not mince matters. You know that the Patroons have dropped me, and you know what for."

"Yes, I know."

"When I was called before the Board of Governors to explain the matter, if I could, you were sitting on that Board."

"Yes."

"I denied the charge, but refused to explain. . . . You remember?"

Quarrier nodded coldly.

"And I was dropped by the club!"

A slight inclination of Quarrier's symmetrical head corroborated him.

"Now," said Siward, slowly and very distinctly, "I shall tell *you* unofficially what I refused to tell the other governors officially." And, as he began speaking, Quarrier's face flushed, then the features became immobile, set and inert, and his eyes grew duller and duller, as though, under

(Continued on Page 87)

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Human Documents in the Case of the New Slavery

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

So Weary that the Very Instinct of Maternity was Perverted in Her

THE "Gentlemen's Agreement" made in Georgia among employers affects only the cotton industry. In all other manufactures no laws, written or unwritten, exist to protect the laborer.

"How frightful!" we hear the patriotic American exclaim. "How dreadful that there should be a State in our gloriously free country where the working people can be reduced to serfdom without recourse to the law!"

There is not *one* State, gentle patriot, there are *thirty-four* States and Territories in which no limit whatever is set to the number of hours which an employer can force his male employees to work for him. You may find the proof on page 82 of the Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of New York.

"Frightful" indeed is the abuse made of this lawlessness.

At a bag company works in Atlanta there are, in the spinning-room, the usual one hundred "kids" out of a total of one hundred and sixty hands. The sweepers and doffers whom I questioned gave their ages as seven, nine, and one little waif responded apologetically: "I'm five—I'm only he'pin'."

Indeed the overseer himself volunteered this conclusive testimony:

"There's children in here, lots of 'em, that I'm *morally satisfied* are under twelve years old; but when the parents swear, what can you do about it?"

(Why—and this would be a tempting point for some ethical society to discuss—should a man feel his responsibility at an end because another man swears to something they both know is a lie?)

Bad as are the conditions in this company's spinning-rooms, it is nevertheless not here, but in the bag mill, where there is nothing to restrain employers, that the worst conditions obtain.

The foreman, a kindly man, remarked, as he accompanied me to this section of the factory:

"The dust here keeps me with a cold in my head about the whole time."

Fine, pernicious, it rose, this dust, in snowy clouds, filling the air. As I looked into the workshop it seemed as though a veil had been drawn before my eyes—a merciful veil that softened the image of desperate activity behind it.

There were one hundred and thirty hands in the room—seventy of them were little children, the rest were women. Here and there were perceptible, in the ghastly artificial light, the wooden frames upon which the bags must be stretched and turned. Like two rigid branches of a tree they lifted their prongs high above the heads of the tallest child laborer. Yet with an upward gesture that carried him almost off his feet, he must fling one bag after the other over this instrument: turn them and slip them free again with frantic speed.

The women, meanwhile, provided with electric sewing-machines whose insistent "burring" produced a peculiar bedlam, were "running up" the seams on these same long and narrow bags which we are accustomed to see used for flour, meal, and the various grocers' provisions. The material they are made of is stiffened with a dressing of white clay which, at the first touch, is scattered from the coarse meshes of the loose-woven cotton cloth, and begins to fly about in the air, forming a cloud, settling over everything, filling gradually the lungs that inhale it at every breath.

We are often told how necessary fresh air is for those who exercise and who, consequently, with an accelerated circulation, need more rapidly to purify their own blood. What, it is difficult to imagine, must be the physical condition of the children at these mills! In such an atmosphere as we have above described, one boy *turns in a day from 3000 to 6000 bags!*

Everything, as well as the law, seems to further this voluntary destruction of so many innocent lives. The public schools in the neighborhood of the mill close at two o'clock, so that the youngest children can go into the factory for a half-day's work. And the company offers an extra twenty-five cents in a week's wages for the boys who, ambitious beyond their force, succeed in daily repeating thousands of times the gesture which twists their little bodies out of shape, and makes the workroom look like some part of Purgatory where those who enter must expiate a sin for which they have been damned!

There is, in the neighborhood of the mill, a Methodist social settlement, directed by four residents, who are doing admirable work among the mill hands. Out of forty boys who attend one of their gymnasium classes, there are just two boys who have reached the age of twelve!

Baedeker's Guide to the United States, speaking of Augusta, says: "Its cotton mills, run by a system of *water power canals*, produce more unbleached cotton goods than any other city in America (value of manufactures in 1900, $10,000,000)."

The canals are broad and peaceful, and as they wind along between sloping green banks they reflect, together with the images of tall chimneys and austere walls of brick, something of the blue skies above. So it is with those who labor: in the midst of the grimy evidences of toil they give us now and then a glimpse of the Infinite mirrored in the clear beauty of their souls.

At one mill, as I visited it, within also suggested a far-away past. The rooms, many of them, were dingy and dark, opening on an inner courtyard; the woodwork and stairways were old and stained with the brown tobacco slime, and one other fact contributed freely to make the general aspect of this factory dull and unalluring. There had been a strike during the previous summer, and a strike is to the mill what a blight is to the crops: it leaves sterility and ruin in its train.

Out of fourteen hundred looms, a thousand only were crashing their noisy way through the warp in the trembling frames; the other four hundred stood idle, covered over with cloths which suggested the shroud.

In this dreary mill there were children at work, spinning, rolling yarn on to shuttles, preparing it for the dye-room; but as I was accompanied by a clerk from the office I had no chance to question these toilers.

Perceiving a number of colored men in the picking and carding rooms, I said to my guide:

"You employ colored help?"

In a word, he repeated the verdict which was everywhere given me on this subject of working the negroes in the mills.

"We have just one part of the factory where we use niggers," he said. "We can't mix 'em with white folks—the white folks won't stand it. In order to keep thirty negroes at work," he went on, "we have seventy engaged on the lists. They lay off about half the time. As soon as they've made enough to live a few days they quit, and they don't start in again until their money gives out. Of course, there's some exceptions, but as a rule they haven't got the intelligence to do the work, and when they have they're so irregular you can't count on them."

It was approaching the noon hour, and as I left the mills, walking along in the direction of the village which lay across the peaceful, winding canal, I came upon a small boy whose clothes, flecked with cotton, betrayed him as one of the child-labor brigade.

"I'm Five—I'm Only He'pin'"

"Do you work at the mill?" I asked him, having first commented on the "prettiness" of the day.

"I quit," he affirmed.

"Why?" I queried again.

"Well," he said, looking me over as though he doubted that I could understand him, "they made me work till twealuve o'clock 'cause they-all got behind."

"Till twelve at night?"

"Yes, meum. An' I had to come home alone, so I thought I might as well quit."

A little farther along there was a group of boys, varying in age between three and ten years old. The oldest, a mere wraith, had an iron stave in his hands; and there were, on the lapel of his tattered coat, a number of political badges. His face was pale to ghastliness, and his hair had grown long and sparse with a vitality that contradicted the lifelessness of his flesh and skin.

I put the usual question, and he answered:

"I did work to the mill. But I took chills an' so I quit."

It was Annoying that After Eighteen Years of Service She Should Fail Them

It was Thanksgiving Day, though the steady activity of the mill little suggested a holiday. Yet there was in the brilliant sunshine and clear air something festal, and I asked, addressing the group, sorry at once that I had put an unanswerable question:

"Have any of you got anything to be thankful for on Thanksgiving Day?"

Immediately the boy who had "quit" because he "took chills" smiled at me.

"I've got *this*," he said, rapping the iron stave. "I found it under the heouse this mornin'."

And a second voice responded almost as promptly:

"I've got lots of things to be thankful for. I've got *him* for one."

Him was a miniature brother of the age and obstreperous tendencies which might have been considered as an incumbrance had not this older pilgrim, himself not more than eight, chosen to look with gratitude upon the little companion which life and poverty had thrust into his keeping.

How many of us are unselfish enough, when the day of Thanksgiving comes, or in the intervening hours of prayer, to bless God because we've got "*him for one*"?

There was a cold wind blowing, and aside from the group I had passed near the canal there was not a soul in sight, which somewhat perplexed me, for I wanted to see what was beyond the monotonous façades of the frame houses, stretching in rows along the avenues that constituted the "village."

Presently a window opened in one of these mill homes, and a woman's head appeared. Seizing my opportunity, I called out to her:

"Where are the children?"

She might have thought me slightly mad, and treated me accordingly; but mill folk are indulgent, and the dreariness of their lives bids them welcome as a diversion the passing stranger. So the woman in the window answered:

"Our children 'll be back from the mill right soon neow. Won't you come in and rest?"

Accepting this proffered hospitality, I went in. The mother of the household, in anticipation of the breadwinners' arrival, was preparing their dinner. She dragged back and forth between the kitchen and the bedroom where the rest of us—a married daughter, her baby, an elderly neighbor, and a little girl friend—sat and "visited" by the fire. This glowing hearth was the only bright spot in the room, which, for the rest, was as miserable a lodging as one could imagine. Two double beds, placed end to end and covered over with dark, untidy quilts, filled a good share of the floor-space; and the furnishings were completed by one or two chairs, a trunk, a clothes-rack, and some colored chromos on the wall, together with two crayon portraits, one of the sister and one of the father, who had the soonest gone their way to "dusty death."

Crouching by the fire, with an old soap-box drawn under her for a chair, the "married daughter" leaned her elbows on her knees, her pale face on the palms of her hands; and it seemed to me as I looked at her that some fever had smitten her with an overwhelming listlessness. Only now and then, when the baby became too impetuous in his demands, did she rouse herself and strike out at him, exasperated by fatigue, and so weary—this young mill mother of twenty-three who had been at work for fifteen years—so weary that the very instinct of maternity was perverted in her.

The rest of the family consisted of the three children who would "be home soon," and the mother who was active in preparing their dinner. Somewhat surprised that this woman, who did not appear more than forty-five years old, should not be at work in the mills herself, I questioned her regarding their general circumstances, and her own health in particular.

"We moved deown from the mountains," she said, "when my husband died. He'd been sick a right smart spell with several diseases."

"And you," I asked: "are you fairly strong?"

She shook her head in a melancholy way, and answered:

"I ain't beun feelin' very well for twenty-one years."

The mill had rung its bell some moments before, and a noise of approaching footsteps on the porch now announced the arrival of the children.

The children? Toil-worn and haggard, silent, dogged, they resembled in no way the little folks who are yet on the side of life which is all expectancy and hope. The oldest of the trio who returned to this miserable home of which he was the mainstay, was fourteen; he had been nine years at work, and during that interminable existence among the whirling bobbins of the spinning-room, something of the machine's monotony had reflected itself irreparably in his jaded eyes. He was dressed, this child laborer, with a self-respecting neatness: his hair was brushed back against his gray, wrinkled forehead—it seemed, indeed, observing his ghastly pallor, as though he were, by his own hands, made ready for the grave, waiting only the final blow which would carry him hence, with his cotton-flecked coat hidden away by the enveloping shroud that entitled him at last to that sleep from which not even the "old mill's" bell could rouse him more.

The other two hands were a girl of eight, who kept still some of the buoyancy of childhood, and a boy of eleven, who looked like so much formless clay which had been carried as *débris* from the potter's wheel.

Silently this little trio filed into the kitchen: there was not half an hour to spend at home, to dine, and to return again to the greedy mill. Hastily, therefore, the dependent mother spread upon the table the food of which her breadwinners were to partake. There was a plate of hot bread without butter, a few meagre slices of bacon, a mess of dried apples stewed in water, and a pot of coffee, served with neither milk nor sugar.

You might think, you who have watched your own rosy-cheeked children devour, with normal appetites, the hot and savory food set before them at noon, that these little laborers, who already had accomplished a six hours' day of work, would have fallen ravenously upon their dinner. Alas, fatigue was an all too jealous rival of the appetite! Without speaking, these three children took their places at the table and, as though with an effort, they swallowed this meal which "sure did seem like it had no taste." They did not touch the bacon—their throats, dry and parched from the overheated atmosphere of the spinning-room, refused the nourishing food and craved some stimulant like the clear black coffee of which they greedily partook.

Poor to destitution as was this laborer's home, the hospitality was of the best. Again and again the weary mother urged me to take my dinner with the children, and the same generous proposition was made to the neighbor's child who had come in to "visit."

"We pay $2.25 a settlin' for a side," the mother volunteered, which, being interpreted, meant $2.25 every two weeks for three rooms, or one-half of the house.

"There's every-day school," she went on, "and there's night school three times a week, where I try to send the children, but it sure seems like they wuz too tired when night comes."

How much did they make, these three breadwinners? Fifty to sixty cents a day.

Enough, you might object, to give them a better home than these bare, miserable rooms. Perhaps so if the mother had been a thrifty housewife who had received some instruction in the ordinary details of housekeeping and hygiene. But this poor mother, cut off, like her family for generations before her, from contact with the world, and who herself "hadn't been feelin' very well for

Fatigue was an All Too Jealous Rival of the Appetite!

twenty-one years," resumed the sum of her wisdom and her philosophy when, in looking at the three children who were supporting her home, she said, with a smile which implied affliction: "There's my livin'."

When her "living" had, slowly and with difficulty, swallowed the tasteless dinner prepared for them, they put on their wraps, and set out again, silent, dogged, for the mills. And no exception were they. From the rows of frame houses along the canal there came other "livings," making their way, silent, dogged, toward the great brick fabrics which produce manufactures to the value of *ten million dollars yearly*.

As the doors of another mill stood open for the returning hands after the dinner hour, I profited by this occasion to enter with a group of "doffers." Not knowing always upon what grounds to begin conversation with these minor toilers, I had provided myself, in case of emergency, with a book of fairy stories, illustrated, and, as there were a few moments to spare before the one o'clock whistle blew, as soon as we got up into the spinning-room I spoke to one of the boys about this book.

"Do you like fairy stories?" I asked.

"*Do* I?" was his response, as he bent over the open pages, unable to read, his eyes searching the pictures with an eagerness which brought a group of fellow "doffers" and several little spinners to see what was the "fuss."

There was no chance to tell a story, for the book had only gone one round among grasping hands when a sharp, shrill whistle gave the signal for "dorfing time," and there was a general scattering of thin and wiry bodies.

Passing apparently unnoticed through the spinning-rooms, I questioned the children at will. *Thirty* of those to whom I spoke gave their ages as under twelve. There were none younger than nine, but *many of those eleven and twelve had been five years at work!* Ah, what a desperately pitiful clan they were to be earning their way in life. They worked with a mechanical activity, with nervous energy and determination, and though I saw not one face that had in it a ray of hope, yet I heard never a murmur of complaint nor an exclamation of impatience or revolt.

Over and over again, as I talked with the children, I tried to join the broken threads of the spools on to the whirling bobbins. Missing the "roller" nine times out of ten, and letting thus the "sliver" accumulate in soft, vaporous clouds, I caused some amusement among my youthful instructors. When they laughed, the smile on their wan faces was like the sun as it tries, on a black day, to struggle through the clouds.

As far as light and air and new machinery were concerned the conditions in the mill seemed to be irreproachable. However, though light and air may, in a nursery, prove adequate requisites, in a factory which works its employees mercilessly they contribute only to prolonging for a brief space the "slow death" of the little "hands."

As I walked toward the door, about to leave, I felt some one lightly touch my arm, and turning, I saw a little bright-eyed girl who had stood close by my side when I showed the fairy stories to the "doffers."

"Please, meum," she began, looking at the volume still under my arm, "have you-all got that book to sell?"

"No," I answered; "why?"

"'Cause if you have I reckon I'd like to buy it."

"Can you read?" I asked.

"My, yes! I went to school till I wuz eleavun, an' sure I did love it. Neow I'm tweayulve an' I've been 'most a year'n the mill."

Needless to say, I gave her the book, and she went back with flaming cheeks to her spinning-frame, hugging passionately the cheap little illustrated edition of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales.

There was doubtless in this busy mill an unusual freedom, a surprising indifference to the intrusion of an outsider upon its precincts. But, since this agreeable carelessness in the management furthered my chances for investigation, I took advantage of it, and lingered now to talk with a girl who had followed me out of the spinning-room on to the stairs. Her eyes reflected with intensity and pathos the vision of misery and insufficiency to which she had too soon been accustomed. There was something expectant in her expression, as though her youth asserted still the right to hope.

"Have you been long at work?" I asked her.

"Yes, meum, four years. I'm fifteen neow. I come in when I wuz eleavun."

But it was not of herself that she wished to speak, and, having given this brief account of her laboring days, she asked me hastily if I had noticed a little girl of thirteen in the spinning-room, dressed in a cotton frock like hers. And, seeing my hesitation, she gave me further indications, adding:

"That's Mrs. Mitty's little girl. Mrs. Mitty's at our heouse neow. She's left her two children to Mamma."

"Left them?"

"Yes. She's took the consumption, and she's awful low. It seems like she can't live through another day."

Gently, as she spoke, she had drawn me toward the window on the stairway. Across the blue canal the white cottages of the settlement glistened in the clear November sunlight. Pointing to one of the houses on a miniature avenue, the girl exclaimed:

"There's where we live."

The appeal was indirect, but her eyes so clearly said: "Can't something be done for us -for Mrs. Mitty?"

A few sympathetic questions soon elicited Mrs. Mitty's story. She was a good "hand," an old hand, one they relied on at the mills. Her husband, for twenty years a millhand, had one day dropped dead at his work. The burden he had sustained as breadwinner passed from his shoulders on to others more frail. It was then, as she put it in her feeble, quavering voice, she was "stricken with consumption." Yes, it was annoying that after eighteen years of service she should fail them!

Mollie and the Opera Game

How a Desert Star Rose in an Eating-House and Set in Manhattan

BY ELEANOR GATES

An' Long-hair Like to Break Hisself in Two Bowin'

Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides
On its fair, windin' way t' the sea——

IT WAS Mollie Brown singin'. Ole ingine Number 9'd jus' pulled outen Briggs City, haided southwes' with her freight of tenderfeet, an' with Dave Reynolds stickin' in his spurs to make up for los' time. Dave'd had a minnit with Mollie at a side winda of the eatin'-house whilst the passengers was grubbin' up. An' now, as the little gal helped the balance of the Harvey bunch t' clear off the lunch-counter, she was chirpin' away like she'd plumb bust her throat. I was outside, sittin' on a truck with Up-State He was watchin' acrosst the rails, straight afore him, an' list'nin', an' I could see he was swallerin' some, an' his eyes looked kinda as if he'd been ridin' agin the win'. When I shifted my *position*, he turned the other way quick, an' coughed—that pore little gone-in cough of hisn.

"The Mohawk Vale!" he whispers. He allus whispered—couldn't talk out loud no more, y' savvy, bein' so turrible shy on lung.

"Is it a bony fido place?" I ast, "or jus' made up a-purpose for the song?"

"It's my country," he whispers back, slow an' husky, an' begun gazin' acrosst to the sage again. "An', Alec, it's a *beautiful* country!"

"I reckon," I agrees. "It's likely got this Terrytory skinned t' death."

Up-State, he didn't say nothin', too *polite*. Oh, he was a gent, all right!

Minnit or so, Mollie struck up again:

> Dearer by far than all charms on earth beside
> Is that fair, windin' valley to me.

Up-State lent over, elbows on his knees, face in his han's, an' begun tremblin'. W'y, y' know, even a *hoss* 'll git homesick. Now, I brung a flea-bitten mare fr'm down on the lower Cimarron oncet, an' blamed if that little son-of-a-gun didn't hoof it all the way back, straighter'n a string! Yes, ma'am. An' so, a-course, it's nat'ral for a *man*. Wal, I seen how things was with Up-State, an' I moseyed.

After that, whenever I come in sight of the station, seems like I'd see Up-State. He'd be on the truck, say, or maybe on the edge of the platform. If it was all quiet inside at the lunch-counter, he'd be watchin' the sage, an' sorta swingin' his two feet. But if Mollie Brown was singin', he'd be all scrooched over with his face covered up— an' pretty quiet.

When Mollie sung it was allus The Mohawk Vale, an' for a long time that seemed funny t' me. Then it didn't seem so funny. One of the eatin'-house gals tole me, confidential, that Up-State'd been knocked down t' Mollie, an' that The Mohawk Vale was "by reques'."

Jus' 'bout then folks begun t' talk of how crazy-wild Mollie was gittin' to be on the singin' question. It leaked out that she'd been tole she'd got a' A-1 voice (an' it wasn't no lie, neither), an' that her warblin' come pretty clost to bein' as good as Melby's. Nex', it got 'roun' that, when Mollie wasn't totin' fancy Mulligan to the pilgrims that come through, she was tackin' up photygrafts of big singers an' actresses in her room, an' practicin' bows in front of a glass.

The gals at the eatin'-house seemed t' think that was all O. K., but the res' of the town didn't—not a *little* bit. Dave Reynolds was turrible well liked—not another ingineer on the Sante Fee so blamed pop'lar, or so *sandy*, by jingo! If they was a special t' go through on chain-lightnin' time, it was Dave took it; if they was bad roads, an' other ingineers wouldn't risk no wreck, Dave'd go, feelin' along for sof' places in the track. An' they was no drinkin' t' Dave—an' a bunch of soaks have *allus* got respec' for a feller like that. W'y, say, the hull of us jus' nat'ally *loved* him.

An', we figgers, Mollie Brown, gone loco on the stage proposition, ain't *no* kin' of a wife for any man out here. Would *she* camp down in a' Oklahomy shack an' cook three meals a day an' wash out blue shirts when she's set on gittin' up 'fore a passel of highflyers an' yelpin' "Marguerite"? Nixey. Nex' thing, Dave was in, he'd heerd the talk—an' was sore on Up-State!

Now, he wasn't jealous—not on you' life! He couldn't be *that*. Dave was the fines'-lookin' feller in the Terrytory an' shore solid with Mollie. An' Up-State—wal, Up-State was pretty clost t' crossin' the Big Divide. No, this was the way of it: Oncet Dave'd brung a theater company called The Way to Ruin on his trip down fr'm Wichita. 'Nother time it was The Wild Wes' Opery Troupe up fr'm Goldstone. It wasn't Wes', the gals was Noo York direc', but y' can bet you' boots it was *wild*, all right. By thunder, you couldn't 'a' helt nary one of the company on a hoss-hair rope! So Dave, he didn't go shucks on the singin' an' actin' breed. An', somehow, he'd got it into his haid that Up-State was responsible for Mollie goin' cracked on the subjec'.

Dave didn't say nothin' to Up-State 'bout the business for a week of Sundays. But he boiled inside like the water in Number 9's tank. Then one day, when he'd got 'nough steam up, I reckon, w'y, he opened wide an' let her go.

"Up-State," he begun, "I'm sorry for you, all right, but ——"

Up-State looked at him. "Reynolds," he whispers, "I don't want no man's pity."

"Listen t' me," says Dave. "Mollie Brown's my gal—I reckon you know that ——"

"Yes."

"Wal, we're goin' to couple up soon. An' I warn you not to go talkin' actress to her."

"Don't holler 'fore you git bit," whispers Up-State, smilin'.

Dave got madder'n thunder then. "Look a-here," he says, "don't give me none of that. You know you lie——"

Up-State shuk his haid. "I'm not a man any more, Reynolds," he whispers. "I'm jus' w'at's lef' of one. I didn't use to let nobody han' out things that flat to me."

I stuck in *my* lip. "Put on the brake," I says to Reynolds, "or hike back to you' cab."

Reynolds got a holt on hisself then. "This ain't no josh to me, Alec," he says, the sweat drippin' down acrosst the dirt on his face. "They's only one thing could ever make me jump my ingine—that's Mollie. An' do you know w'at she's been doin' lately?—passin' slumgullion to them passenger cattle all day, then goin' over to Silverstein's an' workin' half the night fixin' up his books. An' it's for singin' lessons she's savin'—*an' to go t' Noo York!*"

Jus' then —

> Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides
> On its fair, windin' way t' the sea ——

Up-State lent over, his elbows on his knees an' his face in his han's.

Dave looked at me, an' pointed with his oil-can. "Y' *see!*" he says, grittin' his teeth, an' walked off.

It seemed to me I could hear Up-State whisperin' into his fingers. I stooped over. "W'at is it, pardner?" I ast.

"It's full of home," he says, "it's full of home. Alec! *Alec!*" (I wish them lungers wouldn't come down here, anyhow! They plumb give a feller the misery.)

Doc Trowbridge stopped by jus' then. "How you' makin' it t'day, Up-State?" he ast.

Up-State got t' his feet, slow though, an' put a han' on Billy's shoulder. "The nex' san'-storm, ole man," he says; "the nex' san'-storm."

"Up-State," says Billy, "buck up! You got more lives'n a cat."

"No show," Up-State whispers back.

He was funny that-a-way. Now, mos' lungers fool theyselves. Allus "goin' to git better," y' savvy. But Up-State, *he knew*.

"Come over to my tent t'night," he goes on to Billy. "I got somethin' I want to talk t' you. An' two haids is better'n one if one *is* a sheep's haid."

Jus' Stood There Like She'd Been Run to Groun'

That night I happened to go by Silverstein's 'bout ten o'clock, an' I seen Mollie Brown way back towards the en' of the store, a lamp an' a book in front of her, workin' for further orders. Beyond, a piece, I passed Up-State's tent. A light was burnin' inside it, too, an' Doc Trowbridge was sittin' in the moonlight by the openin'. Behin' him I could see Up-State—writin'.

I trailed home to my bunk. But somehow I didn't sleep good, an' 'way late I had a dream. I dreamed the Bar Y herd stampeded through Briggs, an' after 'em come 'bout a hunderd bullwhackers fr'm the Little Rattlesnake Mine, all a-layin' it on to them steers with the flick of they lashes—*zip, zip, zip*.

Nex' mornin' I woke quick—with a jump, y' might say. I looked at my nickel turnip. It was five-thirty. I got up. The sun was shinin', the air was nice an' clear an' quiet, an' the larks was jus' singin' away. But outside, 'long the winda-sill, was stretched a' inch-wide *trickle of san'!*

In no time I was hoofin' it down the street. When I got to Up-State's tent, Billy Trowbridge was inside it, movin' 'roun', puttin' stuff in a trunk, an'—wipin' the san' outen his eyes.

"He was right?" I says, when I goes in, steppin' sof' an' whisperin'.

Billy turned to me an' kinda smiled, for all he felt so allfired bad. "Yes, Alec," he says, "he was right. One more storm."

Jus' then, fr'm the station—

> Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides
> On its fair, windin' way t' the sea ——

Billy walked over t' the bed an' looked down. "Up-State, ole man," he says, "you're goin' back t' the Mohawk."

. . . . . .

Up-State lef' two letters behin' him—one for me an' one for Billy. The Doc didn't show his'n; said it wouldn't be jus' *profesh'nal*—yet. But mine he ast to read to the boys an' Mollie after Up-State was gone.

"Dear Alec," it run, "you'll fin' a' even thousan' in greenbacks over in Silverstein's safe. It's for Mollie Brown. Tell her I want she should go to Noo York an' buck the opery game." (Somethin' *like* that, anyhow.) "Ast Dave Reynolds not to come down too hard on me for it. The little gal says she wants the chanst more'n anythin' else."

Dave was on his run south when it all happened, an' so Mollie was ready to light out by the time he come in. Mad? Wal, say! I never *seen* a man take on the way he done. Said things that didn't go so nice when a feller remembered that Up-State couldn't talk back. But Mollie was off with her photygrafts of actresses an' her duds, an'—could y' hole it agin him? *None* of us could.

"The gal won't forgit y', Dave," we says, or "Never min', Dave, it'll all come out in the wash." Nothin' done no good. He jus' cussed blue blazes, an' I'd never heerd a swear outen him afore. But when his stop was up he clumb on to his perch an' pulled out.

Afterwards, when he come through, he was allus jus' as *qui-i-et*. Not a cheep 'bout Mollie, wouldn't 'a' laughed for a nickel, an' never'd go anywheres near the lunch-counter. Then we noticed he was gittin' peakeder'n the dickens, an' his eyes looked nigh as big as saucers, an' bloodshot. Poor Dave.

The postmaster said he was gittin' letters fr'm Mollie all right. But they didn't chirp him up much, an' *we* didn't

have no look at 'em. But fr'm them that come to the gals at the eatin'-house we drawed, at the first, that Mollie was havin' a *way*-up time. She was seein' all the shows, she said, an' meetin' no en' of folks, an' had a room with a nice, kinda middle-aged lady, in a place where a lot of young fellers an' gals hung out t' study all kin's of fool business. Some of 'em she liked, she said, an' some she didn't. Some took her for a greeney an' some was fresh. But she was learnin' a pile—an' 'd heerd Susy's Band!

Then, seemed to me, she changed her tune—jus' a little. Said Noo York took a turrible lot of money—clothes an' grub an' so forth an' so on. Said they was so blamed little oxyjun in the town that a can'le wouldn't burn—an' they'd got to use 'lectricity.

Nex', for a long spell, the letters eased up. When one come, she tole the gals she'd been under the weather a few days, but was O. K. again. A-course, Noo York *was* lonesome when a person was sick. But her opery prospec's was *fine*.

Wal, then—no letters (leastways to the gals). An' ev'ry run Dave showed up lookin' more an' more down in the mouth. "How's she, Dave?" I ast oncet. "Oh, tol'rable," he answers, face glum as all git out. "He looks nigh as bad as Up-State did," says Buckshot Milliken. "But his nerve's all there," says Johnny Bishop (Dave's fireman). "You oughta seen him bring his train down this trip. The track was flooded, an' he druv the ole ingine's snoot through water plumb up t' the fire-box almos'. Full steam, by thunder, an' how'd he know they'd be any track under him?"

It was jus' a week after that Dave got his dose. The water was high all through Kansas, an' rain still fallin' in bucketsful. Trains all stalled t' the north 'twixt here an' Kansas City. Dave come through, goin' East. Lef' his passengers south of a trestle that runs acrosst a low stretch, an' went on, solo, t' try the track. Roadbed was bad—weather'd washed it out, y' savvy—an' the ingine keeled over on to a mud flat. Bishop jumped clear. Dave went down with her.

Wal, he was pinned. They got help quick as they could, a-course, dug him out, an' brung him here. He wasn't dead—but hurt turrible, an' scalted some. Say! y' never seen a town look so blamed sorrowful!

Nex' day he ast for me an' I went t' see him. He was layin' on his back, haid tied up like a sore finger.

"W'at y' been tryin' to do, Dave?" I ast.

"Gittin' tony," he whispers, jus' like Up-State used t', an' it made me goose-flesh—"been steamin' my face."

"Two minnits," says the nuss. "An' don't you excite him. *In*clined t' be a little luny."

"Dave," I says, "w'at can I do for you? Speak up."

"Alec," he whispers, "I'm goin' to be O. K. pronto. So don't you let none of that Harvey layout tell Mollie 'bout this. Y' see, she ain't forgot me, an' now that she's doin' so good ——"

"I won't let 'em tell her," I says. ('Cause I could do it myself.) Less'n a' hour I was haidin' my bronc towards Medford to take train on a clear line.

I savvy Noo York—was in it afore oncet, an' when I hit it this whack it didn't skeer me for a cent. But' jus' the samee, as I got offen the cars at the Gran' Central, I didn't waste no time huntin' which way t' go. I walked over to one of them sunbonnet keeriges. The feller that owned it was histed 'way up on top an' he had a face like a cured ham. I ast him w'at'd be the damage to take me to Mollie's. He said two plunks'd do the trick. So I got in, he give his broomtail a lick, an' we was off in a bunch.

Mollie's street was turrible narra. An' her house! It was nigh as dark as the inside of a cow, an' I *judged* they'd been a las' year's cabbage wanderin' 'roun' somewheres. Never min'. In two wiggles of a lamb's tail I'd clumb 'bout forty-'leven steps an'—howdy do, Mollie!

"W'y, Alec Lloyd!" she says.

"That's my name," I answers, shakin' them little paws of hern.

"Oh, I'm *so* glad to see you. But w'at you doin' in Noo York?" she goes on.

"Wal, I got turned this way," I says, "an' then I jus' follered my nose."

An', "How's the gals an'—an' *Dave?*" (His little ole ring was on her finger, all right.)

"Oh, alive an' kickin'," I answers, cautious.

She ast me in. They was a lady in one corner, cookin', an' two gents—the one young, with a complexion like the bottom side of a watermelon, the other 'bout fifty, with a long coat, a vest all over coffee, an' no more chin'n a gopher.

"Mrs. Whipple," says Mollie, "Mister Lloyd."

"Ma'am, I'm tickled t' death."

"Hair Von" (somethin'-or-other), "Mister Lloyd." (Don't wonder she called him "*hair*." By thunder, he had a mane two foot long!) "An' Mister Jones." (I ketched *that* name O. K.)

"Mister Lloyd," says the ole lady, "will you have some breakfas'?"

I felt like sayin' they'd likely be blame little for me, 'cause them two gezabas was jus' *hoppin'* it into 'em. But I only answers: "Thank y', I et on a bong-tong dinin'-car this mornin', ma'am, an' my bread-basket's plumb full."

I sit down on a trunk (it had a tidy over it, but I knowed it was a trunk, all right), an' Mollie, she sit byside me.

"Alec," she begun (say, she looked mighty happy), "you're jus' in time. T'night is the turnin'-point of my life. I've been a-studyin' with Hair Von" (*you* know), "an' now I'm goin' to have a *recital*. An' w'at do you think? Seenyer" (I forgit who, this minute), "the grea-a-at impresayroa, is comin' to hear me. An' he's goin' to put me into gran' opery!"

"You don't say!"

"Oh, yes!" says Long-hair, swellin' up. "The Seenyer is my frien', an' any little favor ——"

That kaflummuxed me! How was I to come out 'bout Dave jus' when she was goin' to make her big stab? Wal, I couldn't.

"Mollie," I says, "I wish you luck."

Then I took another look at that Perfessor. An' of a suddent I begun to wonder if all the cards was on the table. 'Cause he was too oily to be genuwine. An' I'd seen his stripe afore—"even up on the red an' white, five to one on the blue, an' ten to one on the numbers."

But Mollie was watchin' me. "You don't seem glad, Alec," she says.

"Oh, I'm glad, all right," I answers, "only I been a-hopin' you'd come Wes' for a visit."

"Wes'!" she repeats. "When I'm goin' to be a gran' opery star!"

"A second Patty," says Long-hair, puttin' out a bread-hooker for more feed.

"I'll take another slice of toas'," says Melon-face, "an' a' aig an' a third cup (it's *so* good, Miss Brown, I'm really *ashamed*, yes, I *am*)."

After that I didn't say much—jus' plumb petryfied watchin' them two gents shovel. Talk 'bout you' grizzly in the springtime! An' you bet they was no gittin' shet of 'em till they couldn't hole no more.

But at las' they tracked, an' me an' Mollie an' the ole lady had a chin. It come out that Long-hair (an' his friend) showed up ev'ry mornin'.

"An' allus gits his breakfas'?" I says.

"Wal, in Noo York, folks drop 'roun' that-a-way," she answers. "It's Bohemia."

"Bohemia. I see—a kinda free han'-out."

Stumpy, He Bowed an' Flopped His Ears

"Alec! *No!* Bohemians share with each other."

"Seems t' me Mollie Brown does *mos'* of the sharin'."

"You don't understan'," she says. "People with artistic temprums don't think 'bout such—such common things."

"No? Jus' the same, that artistic team of yourn was shore stuck on boiled aigs."

That ruffled her up some. "Alec," she says, "you mustn't run down the Hair Perfessor. He's a great musician."

"Wal," I observed, "if hair makes a great musician, 'Pache Sam oughta lead the band."

"And he's been awful good to me. W'y, he lets go dozens an' dozens of rich pupils to come here ev'ry day an' give me my lesson!"

"For how much?"

"W'at?" She got red.

"For how much?" I ast again.

"Five dollars," she answers.

I laughed.

"But he charges all the others ten," she puts in quick. "He come down in the price 'cause he was so int'rested in my *career*."

"Money lastin'?" I ast, an' looked at the ole lady.

She give me the high sign.

But Mollie answered cheerful. "It's carried me so far," she says, "an' after t'night I can stan' on my own feet."

"Reckon you won't min' my comin' to hear you," I says. 'Cause I'd got a' idear w'at I was goin' to do. She said certainly. Then I skun out.

That afternoon I didn't let no grass sprout under my moccasins, an' when I turned up 'twixt eight an' nine o'clock at that *recital* I was a-smilin' like Teddy—an' loaded for bear.

It was Long-hair's shebang. He took me into a big room where they was 'bout a dozen ladies an' gents. But I couldn't hardly see 'em. They was plenty of gas fixin's, only he had 'em turned 'way down an' little red parasol-jiggers over 'em. An' they was some punk-sticks burnin' in a corner.

If y' want t' ast *me*, I think I hit the funny spot of that bunch right good an' hard. The wimmen kinda snickered at each other an' the men looked at the ceilin' an' put they han's to they mouths. But I wasn't nigh as big a freak to them as they was t' me!

"Say!" I says to Mollie, 'way low, "where'd you roun' up this passel of w'at-is-its?"

"Ssh!" she whispers back to me. "They'll hear you. Mos' of 'em are big artists."

"No!" I got turrible solemn. "Have they brought they tempruments with 'em?"

She laughed. "Now, you're devilin' me, Alec," she says. "But, say, honest, ain't this Bohemian atmosphere jus' splendid?"

"Wal," I says, sniffin' it, "it remin's *me* of a Chinee wash-house."

That wasn't the worst of it. The men was tankin' up like the ole Harry right in front of the wimmen! An' on beer! W'at d' you think? *Beer!* An' the ladies—say! if they was t' wear them funny dresses out our way (not more'n a pocket-handkerchief of cloth in the wais', that's straight), w'y the sheriff'd run 'em in to the cooler, shore he would.

(Concluded on Page 19)

Jus' Plumb Petryfied Watchin' Them Two Gents Shovel

Begun t' Sing Like a Dyin' Calf

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The Plea of the Packers

THERE is a kind of pathetic naïveté in what the packers put forward as their most effective plea. They say, in effect: "If you attack the way in which we manage our private businesses, you thereby injure all the cattle, hog and sheep raisers of the country"—without, apparently, perceiving that a condition which puts the interests of all the cattle, hog and sheep raisers at the mercy of a half-dozen private business men would be extremely absurd even if those private business men were the most merciful of human kind. It seems to us quite unnecessary to discuss the degree in which they may have fallen short of that ideal state. The mere fact that a vigorously stated question of their mercy disturbs a great agricultural interest on the one side and, on the other, causes a universal qualm over the breakfast bacon, appears to us quite sufficient to prove the necessity of government intervention.

Some of the packers, it will be remembered, replied to the President's strictures from European capitals where they were pleasantly sojourning; and on behalf of all of them it was urged that, in the press of business, they were unaware of certain noxious conditions in their packing-houses. This fairly raises a question as to what is the business of these half-dozen gentlemen who derive immense profits from the meat trade and occupy so peculiar a position in it that an attack upon them injures the whole industry. If the plea of ignorance, which their friends put forth, is a valid excuse, then we must conclude that it is not the business of the packers to see that their establishments are kept clean; and we begin to speculate as to what it is that the half-dozen individuals contribute to the meat industry which is so important that they must not be interfered with. They do not take the industry to Europe with them. It does not languish when they fall ill; but food-animals continue to multiply on the fertile Western plains and a great population continues to arise of mornings with the appetite and the price for beefsteaks.

We think it makes people tired to hear the ever-iterated cry about governmental "interference" with private business. The private business of the packers is to increase their individual fortunes, and nothing else. This, in itself, is an honorable pursuit; but of all the by-products of the meat industry it is the most incidental and the least important.

The Pennsylvania's Case

THERE is some truth in the argument of a powerful journalistic friend of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company that it is unfair to condemn that concern on account of the shocking disclosures of official graft that preyed upon it. Of course, the railroad itself is blameless. A locomotive cannot graft. Steel rails have no prehensile fingers. The bridges and trestles were not holding anybody up for bribes. To this extent one may heartily declare the innocence of the road; but it is rather difficult to trace the snow-white line any further. The petty employee who took ten-dollar bills may have had a comparative sanction in the fact that his immediate superior was taking bills or coal stock certificates of larger denominations; but that merely distributes responsibility for the fault without lessening it.

Probably we have been going a bit too fast. The life-insurance revelations suggested as much. The life companies increased in size and power so rapidly that nobody could really find time or inclination to look after certain details which, in consequence, got very badly out of a proper alignment. The real leadership in Pennsylvania, as in many other roads, seems to have been quite exclusively intent upon working out the great strategical schemes which have made it so tremendous a factor in the railroad world. A successful pursuit of such strategy is not always compatible with regard for the nicer points of ethics—as, for example, in the case of the Standard Oil rebates. Sometimes, also, the most splendid strokes of greater railroad strategy happen sensibly to augment the private fortunes of the strategists: if, for instance, as not infrequently befalls, they deal in the stock of the road when it is about to make some important move which will enhance the market price of the shares. This concentration of superior managerial attention upon the greater policies leaves the underlings free and unhampered to work out some profitable little strategies of their own. It would not be surprising if a thoroughgoing railroad investigation should show that freight rebates, stock-market deals and petty graft by subordinates were simply varying phenomena of the same general condition. We have been getting big very fast, but certain details of the growth need overhauling.

The Presidential Outlook

POLITICS, with us, has been transformed, with surprising rapidity, from the easiest of all known professions to one of the most difficult; and the full weight of the difficulties will devolve upon the head of the man who was foremost in demanding the change if Mr. Bryan becomes the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Perhaps the crux of the difficulty is discoverable in the single fact that the Bryan influence first put a demand for railroad rate regulation in a party platform—and that President Roosevelt put it into law. Putting things into platforms is easy statesmanship. Putting them into law is difficult. Mr. Bryan—not so much in formal utterance as by the spirit which sensibly animated him—did as much as any man to vitalize the idea that what the common people want must be got beyond platforms and into law. In his essence he stood for progress; and we have progressed so considerably that he must refill his sails for the campaign. The tariff issue lies readiest to his hand and absolutely bulges with difficulties of its own. Before him Mr. Cleveland stood for tariff-revision—very valiantly, but with absolute ineffectiveness against the dominant Senatorial clique within his own party. This again runs to the heart of what makes politics trying nowadays. The thing in the platform will not count finally, but the thing in law and in actual visible being. Probably Mr. Roosevelt stole Mr. Bryan's thunder about railroad rates; but such lightning as has appeared was all his own; and as a political asset thunder is visibly depreciating in the market every day. Anybody may own it who chooses. It is in the nature of the very cautious-minded to dread any change that is not absolutely calculable and decidedly to their interest. They take politics most complacently when it is mostly a matter of platforms and speeches, and, whichever candidate wins, there will be no perceptible disturbance in any direction of the established fabric. People with quick blood, however, feel themselves more alive because of the new condition of politics. They look forward with uncommon eagerness to the campaign which is already beginning to show upon the horizon.

Oil and Freight Rates

THE most surprising thing about the Department of Commerce and Labor's oil report is that it provoked Messrs. Rogers and Archbold to the indiscretion of a reply. Probably they were shocked out of their wonted wariness by being hit on the nose at the precise moment when they wished particularly to look pleasant.

Two sample paragraphs from the report read: "The Pennsylvania Railroad has given the Standard a rate of nine cents a barrel from Olean, New York, to Rochester, while the independent refineries situated in territory adjacent to Olean were given a rate of thirty-eight cents. . . . The saving to the Standard during 1904 by the secret rate from Olean to Rochester was $115,000. The Standard has for ten years shipped oil from Whiting, Indiana, to East St. Louis at six to six and a quarter cents. The only published rate has been eighteen cents. The saving to the Standard amounted to about $240,000 in 1904." In substance the report restates the story already told by Miss Tarbell and many other unofficial muck-rakers. The President transmitted it to Congress at what may have been the crisis of the effort, in the Senate, to pass a rate-regulation bill. His message made good use of this additional argument for the need of some power in the Government to regulate freight rates and stop the oil, sugar and other trusts from fattening off the favors of the public carriers.

We think the need had been illustrated with sufficient vividness before. And almost simultaneously with the transmission of this report to Congress it was given out that a compromise had been reached between the Administration and the "railroad Senators," which would result in the Senate's passing the Hepburn rate-regulation bill—with a court review amendment so obscurely worded and of such uncertain meaning that, admittedly, nobody could tell what its effect would be until the Supreme Court had passed upon it; but with the chances, obviously, in favor of the judiciary interpreting it in that manner which would confer the broadest powers upon itself. The President's letter, transmitting the oil report, says: "It is impossible to work a material improvement in conditions such as above described merely through the instrumentality of a lawsuit." In view of all of which, it is quite possible that Messrs. Rogers and Archbold got excited without cause.

Over-Legislation

IN FINANCIAL centres the assembling of Congress is, commonly, regarded as "bearish," and the adjournment of that body as "bullish." Generally speaking, a prospect of the national will getting itself enacted into law disturbs the stock market. It is natural, therefore, that financiers should regard law-making as rather a nuisance, and sigh for a state of alleged Jeffersonian democracy in which government would strictly confine itself to foreign affairs and the maintenance of order. They say we suffer from "over-legislation." But the main defect in the over-legislation idea is discoverable in the fact that the more intelligent the legislation is the less the Jeffersonian financiers like it.

Formerly they could say: "All these anti-trust, anti-monopoly acts that you are passing, based on the outworn common-law theory that competition is the life of trade, are quite ineffective and merely vexatious, because trade has discovered that competition is not its life and will go on consolidating no matter what you say about it." This was true. But the important acts at Washington recently have not been at all based on the archaic anti-monopoly theory. On the contrary, they have, in effect, frankly recognized certain businesses as substantially monopolistic, and have sought, not to disorganize, but simply to regulate them. Thus these acts have been economically sound. Yet leading interests have been much less pleased with them than with those which were economically unsound, and, therefore, ineffective. If this sound policy of aiming at possible regulation instead of impossible disorganization is followed it will be only a certain few of us who will really suffer from over-legislation.

Moderating the Shivers

OCCASIONALLY the New York or Chicago papers report the arrest of somebody who has engaged in selling cocaine to the wretched victims of that awful drug - minors of both sexes being usually included among the culprit's patrons. Then the reader's blood runs cold, and he marvels that any creature in human form would deliberately pursue a traffic so hateful. Occasionally, also, the papers report the death of a cocaine victim who has achieved self-destruction by doping himself with a quack catarrh or consumption "cure." The maker and many of the retailers of the "cure" knew they were selling cocaine. Yet the reader's blood does not congeal; at most there is a passing shiver. The course of the sin, from inception to result, has been elaborated. The very magnitude in which it is committed gives it a certain respectability. Not long ago an important religious body gravely debated whether its organs should be prohibited from advertising quack "cures" containing deadly drugs. Here there was not even a shiver. It was considered a debatable point of morals—considerably tinctured by plain business.

It would be easy to adduce volumes of evidence that, in the common judgment of men, the wages of sin are held to be purged of their deadly and damnatory qualities if the sin is performed with sufficient circuitousness and yields a sufficiently large profit.

More Western Revolution

A WESTERN grand jury, having performed the disagreeable duty of indicting a number of fellow-citizens for running a rotten, fly-by-night bank, makes the following astonishing recommendation: "The issuance of a charter to do a banking business should be dependent as much upon the character, experience and standing of the men applying therefor as on any amount of capital put in."

Probably the grand jury's recommendation, even as concerns banking corporations, is quite impractical. True, in most States a man is supposed to be of good moral character before the State will license him to be a lawyer or doctor or dentist or barber or chiropodist; but our whole theory of granting corporation powers rests upon the proposition that in business nothing counts except money; that if a man has the money he must be licensed to engage in any form of commercial activity he pleases, no matter how intimately his conduct of it may affect the community. Whether or not this theory originated in the fact that sometimes the men with the most money have the poorest characters we cannot say

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Eagle's Keeper

EVERY time Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver gets up to speak the eagle screams. The Bird of Freedom broods on his desk day after day, and when Dolliver goes into action the bird goes too. "Mister-r-r-r Pr-r-r-r-res-i-dent!" he rumbles, and they are off, flinging themselves down the broadest oratorical highway that leads from the Senate to the pee-pul.

Demosthenes Dolliver, they call him, but no Demosthenes who ever barked against the combined roar of all the seven seas could hold a candle to Dolliver. Moreover, he has no pebbles in his mouth—not one. Instead, he maintains there a silver tongue, stamped sterling by Iowa, or, as Dolliver would say, by I-o-way.

No State is so lost to pride as not to maintain one silver-tongued orator, and some States have two or three. Dolliver is Iowa's—the Silver-Tongued Orator of Fort Dodge, which adds lustre to Fort Dodge, but none to Dolliver, for Dolliver needs it not. He talks—ah, it is more than talk! It is a grand, golden, gorgeous, glistening, glorious (certainly it is golden; silver-tongued orators always produce golden eloquence) illumination of the subject that happens to be on tap. Words are mere playthings to Dolliver. He ties incandescent lights on them and keeps forty of them in the air at one and the same time. When he reaches into the empyrean he never grabs a star. He clutches a planet and with it writes his sentiments across the sky in letters of living fire. He is the Senatorial set-piece. They touch him off as the finish to the show—crackle—spark—flash—the battle of Bunker Hill, the surrender at Appomattox, Dewey going into Manila Bay, the fight at Kettle Hill, a just and reasonable, but not confiscatory, rate and a few thoughts on the tariff!

It listens well, as Sam Bernard would say. Those were smart old music masters who wrote songs without words—but no smarter than Dolliver, mark you, no smarter. For he has perfected the art of using words—but, pshaw, even a deep, resounding noise may have its attributes and advantages!

Dolliver talked himself into the House of Representatives, talked himself out of the House of Representatives into the Senate, and there, where there are no rude barriers to speech like Uncle Joe Cannon and his Committee on Rules, he will talk, splendidly, so long as the free men of Iowa will let him. They are the only ones who can put the muffler on.

The Best-Dressed Man in Washington

The sporting editor always wants to be a dramatic critic; the Dutch comedian thinks he is a Hamlet, and so with Dolliver. Nature made him to declaim. He was so framed that the only punctuation mark he can use legitimately is the squawk. But he wanted to be a leader. He aspired. Ambition steals into us all from time to time. Dolliver's chance came with the railroad rate bill. He snatched it. The President was looking for volunteers. Dolliver took the shilling and put the ribbon on his coat. Then he got stripes on his sleeves and, soon, stars on his collar. He was there to hurl himself into the breach, to hold the walls against the attacks of the railroad Senators.

Then, for eighty-one days, he led, in company with The Black Eagle of Fergus Falls—to wit, Senator Moses E. Clapp, of Minnesota—and the sad-eyed Long, of Kansas. It was a parlous job. The asphalt smoked beneath the hurrying feet of Dolliver, who chased from Capitol to White House and back again. He is built on square and sturdy lines, and these were no deliberate days. It would be sad to see a Percheron entered in a steeplechase. It was sad to see Dolliver trying always to keep ahead of the procession, but falling, always, a few furlongs to the rear. Then, at the end, the wily Aldrich chose Allison, the colleague of Dolliver, to present the compromise amendment, and Dolliver was left clinging to the wreck of the limited court review. But rotund bodies rebound gayly when thrown down, and back came Dolliver, sweeping a palm across his eyes to brush away the haze.

Demosthenes Without the Pebbles

"Mister-r-r-r Pr-r-r-r-res-i-dent, it is not fitting to close the debate on this bill without a word from me "

And he proceeded to make it fitting and all right with some of the best silver-tongued brand. He whooped it up for the President, whooped it up for the compromise, whooped it up for the party, for the bill, for the principle and for the proletariat. He retired while the walls were yet dizzy with the echoes of his melodious phrases, retired and put stars from his collar in cotton batting as mementoes of eighty-one days when he led from an important strategic position behind.

Personally, Dolliver is pleasing to the eye. He is big and broad and looks full of red blood. He is one of the younger contingent in the Senate, graduates of the House of Representatives, and if Iowa follows traditions, as in the case of Allison, he will spend many years trumpeting the call to duty beneath the stained glass in the Senate ceiling.

His long suit is stump-speaking. When he gets out among the farmers in Iowa, where he can take off all the brakes and go full speed ahead, he is a rip snorter. He hurls it into their teeth, crams it down their throats, thrusts it into their faces, points with pride, views with alarm, calls on high heaven to witness that the Republican Party is the palladium of the liberties of the people, and rolls on and on for hours and hours.

They put him out under a tent once and that is where he got his first reputation. He was free as the untrammeled air. As a rally-boys-rally speaker he is as good as the country affords. They used to stick him up in the House when a policy needed defending. They knew what he could do. Take it from him, and, always and forever, he who dallies is a dastard; he who doubts is damned.

They are calmer in the Senate. Dolliver tried his hip-hip-hurrah methods once or twice, and, after the Senators had looked around for a minute or two to observe him, they sat and waited until he had soared to the top dome and fluttered back. Then Senator Bailey gave him a sedative and he did not experiment again for some time.

Still, it is a great thing to be able to utilize one's natural advantages. Early prospecting showed Dolliver that he was a language-mine and he has developed every lead. He is of the West, breezy, not to say windy, but he is in the Senate, and that is much.

Journalistic Rewards

WELLS HAWKES, now one of the big men in the Frohman theatrical organization, and James McDonough, who has also sought other pursuits, were reporters together on the old Baltimore Herald. Hawkes, by virtue of a year in the newspaper business, took McDonough under his protecting care, for Hawkes was next to the city editor and enjoyed that autocrat's confidence.

When McDonough had been striving as a journalist for six months he sought out Hawkes and said: "Wells, I have been in this business for six months and I have been getting along all right, but I want to ask your advice about something. I am not getting enough pay. I am behind with my board-bill and I don't know what to do."

"Oh," said Hawkes, looking down from his lofty position, "don't be discouraged! Keep right along and you will soon get the rewards."

"But," insisted McDonough, "I would like to know where I am coming out. Would you, as a personal favor, so I can get an idea of what I may hope for, tell me what your salary is?"

Hawkes hesitated. It was a capital crime to tell a salary. McDonough pleaded. He wanted to know what he might expect when he reached the prominence of Hawkes, if he ever could attain that dizzy position.

"Well," said Hawkes, "if you will never breathe it to a soul, and merely so you won't be discouraged, I will tell you what I am getting."

He paused dramatically. McDonough listened breathlessly. "I have been exceptionally fortunate," Hawkes declaimed. "I am now getting eight dollars a week."

"Holy Moses!" screamed McDonough. "I am getting thirteen a week myself!"

A Bright Lad

LEVI ANKENY is Senator from Washington. He has been in the Senate for two years. A few days ago he was at luncheon with Senator Nixon, of Nevada.

"Nixon," he said, "I have been in at some of those Panama Canal hearings before the committee, and I have been quite interested. There is one young fellow there I like to hear talk. He is bright and quick as they make them, asks questions right to the point and has a good grasp of the subject. I suppose he is some clerk or something, but I predict a bright future for him."

"Who is he?" asked Nixon.

"I don't know. I haven't heard his name. Why, there he is now, coming through the door! That is the young fellow I mean. Do you know him?"

Nixon looked. "Yes," he said, "I know him. That is Philander C. Knox, former Attorney-General and now Senator from Pennsylvania."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Friends of Admiral Dewey say he is the best-dressed man in Washington.

¶ Secretary Hitchcock, of the Interior Department, was in business in China from 1860 to 1872.

¶ Surgeon-General P. M. Rixey, of the Navy, is President Roosevelt's physician, as he was President McKinley's.

¶ Former Governor William A. Richards, of Wyoming, who is now Land Commissioner, and former Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, play golf every time they get a chance—at least, they call it golf.

¶ John W. Yerkes, of Kentucky, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is the best teller of Kentucky stories in Washington.

¶ Phya Akharaj Varadhara, the Siamese Minister, is a crack golf-player. He enters all the tournaments at the Chevy Chase Golf Club.

¶ Speaker Cannon is one of the sterling representatives of the plain people—but it costs him a barrel of money to live in Washington and do his entertaining.

¶ Men who come to Washington from Iowa still call Secretary Wilson, of the Agricultural Department, "Tama Jim," although he has been away from Tama County for a long time.

An Oriental Convert

"GETTING THAT HOME"

(Concluded from Page 9)

just in time. And the foreman jumped at me swearing But a quick, sharp voice in English cried: "Leave him alone!" And a young American helped me get started again. Just then the gong sounded and the night was over. The young American had now put on some good clothes and was lighting a cigar. I went and thanked him.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said. He looked hard to me, and then he smiled. "You must have a wife," he said "you looked worried." He seemed to think this was a joke, so I laughed. "Haven't you?" he asked. "Or won't you have one soon?"

"Yes," I said at last. "Perhaps. But if she comes over here too soon I won't have her at all!"

At this he laughed very hard. He said he wanted to hear about this queer woman. I saw he was so honest that I told him all my trouble.

"Well," he said with a grin, "you want her to *wish* to come, but *not* to come."

"Yes," I said. "That is exactly it."

He looked at me and we liked each other better still. He was thinking, with his derby hat 'way back, and his eyes half shut, smoking his cigar.

"Well," he said at last, "what you want to do is this: buy a suit of clothes, get a shave, have your picture taken, and write on it: 'I am honest and I love you. You must wait and trust me.' That will keep her. Any one can see you are honest the minute they see your face. So be sure you get a good picture!"

I stared at him and said nothing. I hated this scheme and I was disappointed in this man.

"You don't think much of it," he said, laughing, "but I tell you I know! I have a wife!"

Long after he had gone I kept thinking about this. You see, this man was smart. He had one of the best jobs in the mills. So I thought he ought to know about other things—and women. So at last I did it.

My four friends went with me, and it took two hours to choose those clothes. Then I got a good shave for five cents. But getting that picture was the worst. I felt like a fool, and I looked like a fool—till I got thinking of Franz. Then I grew angry. And the man cried: "Good!"—and took a picture.

The American had told me to write again what a fine time I was having at picnics and dances. This he said would make her want me. Then I told her she must trust me and wait, because I was honest and I loved her. This he said would keep her away.

Now I thought I had fixed the whole thing. So I worked harder in the mills, and in the shed I began making a big square kitchen table.

"I am glad you are having such a good time," she wrote next. "I am having a good time, too. Franz sends me fine presents and wants me to come. He wants to take me to all these dances and picnics."

I was all mixed up. I went to my American.

"Look here!" I cried angrily. "I've done just the wrong thing! She *don't* want me and she *is* coming!"

But he made me read the letter. And then he grinned.

"Well," he said, "she's coming right along."

"Damn!" I cried, very angry. "I don't want her to come right along! No money! No home for her! Only hes and a mattress!"

But he kept grinning. "I mean," he said, "she does want you."

"How do you know?"

"Because," he said, "I have a wife." Then he told me about his wife. He thought she was more beautiful than any woman on earth, and I let him keep on thinking this. The more he talked the more he said. I could only stare at him; I had never thought he was this kind of a fellow; I had only seen him at work.

At work I had often watched him. All night he stood on a little platform with three tall levers before him. 'Way off at the other end of the big, dark building were three "converters"—tanks, each one big as a house and full of melted iron being changed into steel. Each one had a narrow funnel top, and from this top poured flames—wide flames and narrow flames, straight flames and crooked flames, blue and red and yellow and all colors. He watched these flames, and by their colors he knew exactly when the stuff was cooked. Then he jerked one of the levers, and at once off there in the dark a big converter tipped slowly and poured tons of steel, like white soup, down into a tank. If he missed the time by twenty seconds he spoiled over a thousand dollars' worth of steel. He must jerk one of the levers every five minutes—from six at night to six in the morning. I never saw a man working so hard. Toward morning that was a terrible face in the dark. But he made ninety dollars a week!

"Yes," he said now, laughing, "the more my wife gets, the more she wants. All women are the same. So the next thing to do is to send your girl some presents."

I went away and thought this over. At last I bought a fine pair of earrings and a carpet-sweeper. I sent her the earrings, and told her about this new sweeping machine that I was keeping for her. I begged her not to give up this home I was getting. Besides, I sent her a big hat and told her how fine the American women dressed. My American friend said she would like to hear this, and I could tell her exactly, because I had learned it from him, and he had a wife

"The Polish clothes," she now wrote me, "are the best in the world. I have made already two dresses—one black and one yellow and red. They are fine enough for any place. You know nothing about clothes and you write like a fool. The hat I have sent back, so you can give it to one of your very silly American women. I think I will come soon to Franz. He wants me."

I was now very angry with this little woman! I went to see Franz. Again he smiled and flashed his ugly teeth. But I did not. I was careful.

"I have heard," I said, "from a friend at home that Marie is coming soon to marry you."

"Marie! Oh, she is a little beauty!" he said. "She will be a good wife for me—some time. But now I am having plenty of fun and I can let her wait."

"Isn't she coming soon?" I asked.

"No," he said. I decided at once that he was lying because why should she tell me he wanted her to come, unless he did? As I was thinking this out he suddenly said he would come the next day to see me. I saw his game. He had heard the lies I had written to her, and he wanted to find out if I really had all these things.

I hurried home and got my friends to help me. The four fellows in our room moved out for that day. I scrubbed the room and the walls very clean, I brought in all my furniture, and then I brought some big boxes nailed up tight. When he came in the afternoon I sat on a box and smoked and smiled to show I was happy—though this was a lie, for I had worked in the mills all night and scrubbed all day.

"Well," he cried, looking around, "you are doing fine for such a green immigrant!"

"Yes," I said, smoking and smiling, "I am doing fine."

"Is this room all yours?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, smoking and smiling, "all mine. But it is too small. I have bought so many things for the house I will have when my girl comes from Poland. So I keep them in these boxes."

But when he had gone I laughed hard. These boxes were full of bricks. It was a joke.

Now I worked harder, but I found I could not get higher than ten dollars a week. This would have been all right for me alone; I was saving a lot of money—over fifty dollars. But this was not quick enough to live up to the big lies I had told Marie. I went to my American and asked him if he did not know any job where I could get further up.

"I am afraid you can't," he said at last. "You are no good for the quick machine jobs, and you never will be."

"Well," I said, after a few minutes' thinking, "Franz can. Even since I came here he has gone up to eighteen dollars a week."

"Well," he said slowly, "probably Franz is quick."

That was it. I was slow and I always would be. I had tried so hard to be quick that now I knew.

He put his arm on my shoulder.

"Don't you work too hard," he said. "You look about ready to bust. I know, because I've busted once or twice myself."

I laughed and went away.

But the next week that American busted and they took him home in the ambulance. Ten days later he sent for me to come.

"I was all wrong about women," he said. "I'm busted now for maybe six months. But my wife won't go out or do anything but stay with me and do things. The only thing she cares about is me, and the only thing I care about is her. I was all wrong about presents and money. You had better get her to help you. She knows."

So I told her everything—how we two had schemed together.

"What you must do," she said, "is to write to little Marie and tell her everything. Tell her you told all these lies just because you loved her so hard and were afraid Franz would get her. Tell her to come to America at once and marry you!"

So I did. Soon back come a letter. And now I was about ready to quit. For again Marie was angry!

But when I took this letter to the American woman and read it to her in English, she laughed at me.

"Marie is not really angry!" she cried. "She only makes believe!"

Well—that woman was right. In a few days came another letter from Marie—she had started.

Now I told Franz, for I thought I must do this to be fair. And anyway, I thought he might know already. But he didn't know. He was very surprised and angry. He asked why I knew this, and I told him I was her brother's old friend. I liked to lie to him.

I worked hard to finish that furniture. I rented two rooms and I scrubbed them every day for two weeks. Then I went to the train in the city.

I got there two hours early. At last along came Franz in fine brown clothes and a gray derby hat, and his smile and his teeth. He talked much, but I could say nothing.

In rolled the big train. I looked and got cold.

Out came little Marie! And she was a beauty then! She had two big bags of luggage. She wore the fine yellow dress she had made, and on her head was a new white kerchief with red flowers.

"Look at her clothes!" laughed Franz.

I turned; I saw him smile, and I shouted: "Get out of here!" Then I jumped to Marie. Just then she saw me. And all at once she dropped her bags and ran! And she cried in my arms. And I could not speak. You see, I had her!

I think I saw Franz come and laugh and go away. But I am not sure. I saw nothing but her black eyes shining so deep and so sure. At last I could speak, and I asked her:

"Will you *marry* me *to-day?*"

And she got even closer in my arms, and laughed and laughed, very low.

"Oh, Jan," she whispered, "how *quick* this country has made you!"

Then we both laughed very hard, and after that she never stopped talking. I picked up all the bags, and off we went to a priest I had ready, and so we were married.

Well, instead of not liking my big Polish bed and table and chairs, she laughed and cried when she saw them. And then came the queerest part. She looked out at those dirty houses, those pouring flames and those chimneys. It was the dirtiest place in the world. But she turned and cried:

"Oh, Jan, we will be happy—so happy!"

. . . . . .

That was five years ago.

Now here is the thing I think about:

I am thirty-six years old. And I know that almost every fellow in the works busts by forty-five. We call that "the dead line."

I am slow. I will never earn over ten dollars a week. And Marie tries to save, but we cannot. Something always happens. I break my arm, or there is another baby—we have three fine babies now.

I begin to feel a strange ache in the back of my head. Sometimes it makes me half crazy; then it goes away for weeks—but it comes again. I know eleven fellows who have been busted by this pain. That young American died of it two years ago.

Can I keep on till *little* Jan is old enough? That is what I think about.

But a man is a fool to worry too much. Anyway, in these two rooms we have a fine little home with flowers—and my babies! Jan is the oldest—he is four. He has big, jumping black eyes

He climbs up on my head and jerks my hair to make me gallop quicker. He pulls my hair and squeals and squeals! Jan can grip hard—he can!

The little rascal—he likes pipe-smoke, too!

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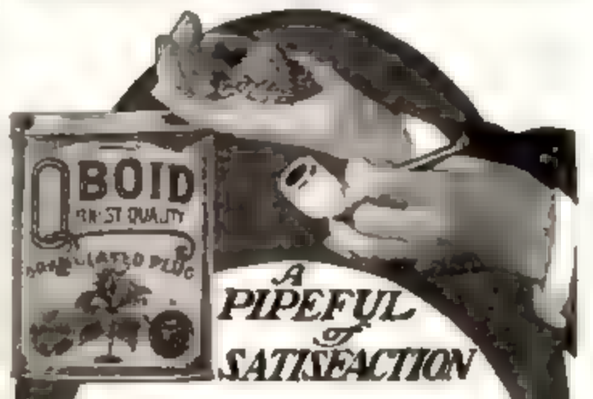

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MOLLIE AND THE OPERA GAME

(Concluded from Page 16)

An', by thunder, some of 'em was smokin'! *Smokin'!* An' they wasn't a greaser gal amongst 'em, neither.

"W'at kin' of a place I got into?" I ast her. Gee! I felt turrible.

"Sch! Long-hair is goin' to play a piece he made up a-a-all by hisself."

An' he did. First, he goes sof', fingerin' up an' down, an' movin' fr'm side t' side like his chair was too warm. Then he took a runnin' jump at hisself an' worked harder. But they wasn't the sign of a tune—jus' jiggles. Nex', by thunder, it was help you'self to the gravy! He everlastin'ly lambasted them keys, an' knocked the lights plumb outen that pore instrument.

Jumpin' buffalo! I got t' laughin' so I kinda tipped over agin a' iron thing that was set clost to the wall, an' come blamed nigh burnin' the han's offen me.

When I come to he was done an' down, an' a bleached lady, so whitewashed an' painted she was plumb disguised, was sittin' afore the pyannie. Then up gits a tall gal, skinny, long neck, forrid like a fish, hair that hadn't been curried since week 'fore las'.

She begun t' sing like a dyin' calf—eyes shut, an' makin' faces. But pretty soon she took a new holt, an' got to goin' up hill an' down hill faster'n Sam Hill, then 'roun' an' 'roun', like a dawg after its tail, then hiccuping, then she kinda shuk herself an' let out a las' whoppin' beller.

"Mollie," I says, "do you have to herd with this outfit *reg'lar?*"

She didn't say nothin'. Pore little gal, she was watchin' the door. An' Mister Long-hair? He was wanderin' 'roun', lookin' powerful oneasy. (He'd 'a' better, the scalehaid!) Pretty soon he goes outside.

Up gits a short, stumpy feller with a fiddle. All the res' begun t' holler an' clap. Stumpy, he bowed an' flopped his ears, an' then he went at that little, ole fiddle of hisn like he'd snatch it bald-headed. Wal, *that* was bully!

An' now it was Mollie they wanted.

"But *he* ain't here yet," she says.

Long-hair comes back jus' then. "I regret to say, Miss Brown," he begun, "that Seenyer" (the impressyron) "can't run over t'night. But he'll be to my nex' little *rec*ital a month fr'm now."

"A month!" exclaims Mollie. Her face fell a mile, an' she got as white as chalk-rock.

"Oh, it's all right!" says the Perfessor, rubbin' his han's. "Go ahaid an' sing anyhow."

So she stood up, tremblin' a little. Long-hair sit down to the pyannie, an' this was it:

Oh,
oh,
oh,
sweet
sing bird,

Oh,
oh,
oh,
sweet
sing bird,

ety
plump plump.
plump
plump
Plump

It was a shame! But Mollie done her bes'. When she ended up they yelled for more, an' Long-hair like to break hisself in two bowin'.

She jus' stood there like she'd been run to groun'.

The Perfessor waved his han'. "The Jew's song fr'm Fowst," he announces.

I couldn't stan' it no longer. I leant towards her. "The Mohawk Vale," I says. "Please sing The Mohawk Vale."

The crowd giggled. The Perfessor, he started to laugh too, but ketched my eye an' coughed.

Mollie turned to him. "A' ole frien'; I'd like to," she says. An' sit down to play for herself.

Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently
glides
On its fair, windin' way t' the sea——

She helt herself straight an' tried t' stick it out. But she couldn't. I seen her shake a little, her voice got husky, an' she leant over, her face in her han's.

"W'y, Mollie!" they exclaims. "W'y, Miss Brown!"

Then I gits up. "*Excuse* me," I says, "for puttin' a kibosh on you' party. But I jus' want to say that this Bohemia-artistic-temprument fandango stan's ad-journed. Ev'rybody please vamose 'ceptin' the Perfessor."

Such a pow-wow! But they skedaddled jus' the same. I turned to Long-hair.

"You' little game is over," I begun. "You don't fim-flam this gal another minnit. You don't bum offen her for another meal."

Mollie come at me. "Alec, how *dare* you insult my frien'!" she says.

The Perfessor starts to give me some jaw.

"Hole you' hosses," I says. "You knowed all the time that the impressyron wasn't goin' to show up."

"Miss Brown, this is too much!" says Long-hair, clawin' at his mane.

"They's more a-comin'," I says. "Mollie, I was shore somethin' was skew-gee 'bout this mealy-mouth here, so I had a talk with that Seenyer this afternoon."

That give Long-hair a jolt. "Impossible!" he yells. "The secretaries——"

"They *was* 'bout eight, not to mention some office kids," I says; "but when I give 'em some straight ole Oklahomy, I went in O. K."

Long-hair backed off.

"The Seenyer said he'd heerd of this gent," I goes on, "an' wouldn't let him learn a cow of hisn to sing. Frien'? Any little favor? He come here? *Nuxey.*"

I walks over to him. "Acknowledge the corn, you polecat!" I says.

He seen the jig was up. But he made his bluff. "Miss Brown, this coarse feller——"

Mollie cut in. "It's all so!" she says. "You've put me off an' *put* me off. All my money's gone. I'd banked ev'rything on t'night. An' now—w'at am I goin' to do!" She drops on to a chair, her face in her han's again.

"Come home, little gal," I says.

She straightens up, brave. "No," she answers; "no, I'll work here. I won't give up my singin'."

"Little gal," I repeats, "I think you'd better come home—*you're needed.*"

Then she knowed somethin' was wrong. She come an' stood in front of me, an' put her two han's on my arms.

"Dave!" she whispers. "Dave!"

"Not dead," I says, "not dead, Mollie. But—w'at happens to a' ingineer when his ingine keels over an' he don't git clear of her."

I had to hol' her up then, she got so kinda wobbly.

"He'll be in bed a good spell, they say," I goes on. "An' when he gits up—wal, don't know's he can ever go back to his ingine. He needs you, Mollie."

That braced her. She turned quick, run out by the stairs, an' pulled at one of them roun' thing-um-a-jigs that brings a telegraph kid. Nex' she spread out a piece of paper an' writ somethin' on it.

"Here, Alec," she says, "here. Sen' that."

An' I read:

"Mollie Brown, Noo York, to Manager Harvey Eatin'-House, Briggs City, Oklahomy.

"Can I have back my job?"

We was home quick as the trains could make it—home, an' sittin' on each side of Dave, me a-smilin' like a blamed fool (I was so tickled), an' Mollie lookin' anxious but happy. 'Fore long, in come Doc Trowbridge, letter in his fist. He shuk han's all 'roun', then he sit down byside Mollie.

"Oh, Billy," she says, "you don't *know* how glad I am to git back. An' now I'm goin' to stay."

"Glad you feel that-a-way," says Billy. "An' it's right in line with this here letter that Up-State lef' with me. It's about you, Mollie, an' Dave. Shall I read it?"

"Yes," answers Mollie—an' Dave answers yes, too.

Billy got up. His face looked solemn, but they was a nice shine in his eyes. "This belonged on Alec's letter," he says. "It's w'at you might call a coddycil."

"Dear Dave an' Mollie," it run, "you'll git this after Mollie's been to Noo York an' back. Dave, you know now the trip was needful. Do you think you could 'a' helt her if she didn't have her try? Maybe. But you wouldn't 'a' been happy. All her life she'd 'a' felt sore about that career she give up, an' been longin' an' longin'——

"An' you, Mollie, you know now they was somethin' else you wanted more'n a singin' chanst, an' you won't hol' it agin me for sayin' I knowed you wouldn't make no go of it. The opery game at its bes' is a five-hundred-to-one shot. A turrible big herd plays it, the foreigners git the main prizes, an' the hull thing's fixed crooked by all kin's of inside pull.

"Besides, you' voice don't match with crowded streets an' sapped-out air. It fits the open desert. Maybe as many won't listen to it here, but they'll even things up by the way they'll feel. God bless you, little gal, for singin' The Mohawk Vale. An' to even up the money side of it, too, I'm writin' this. Billy'll give you a check that'll call for somethin' in Kansas City. Eas' of the Mississippi, ten thousan' ain't much, but it'll do one or two things in Oklahomy."

None of us said a blame word for as much as fifteen minutes. An' Mollie, she walked the floor.

Say! pretty soon I jus' had to smoke up or I'd 'a' bawled. "Frank Addams" (I was lookin' at the letter), "wal, if I'd ever seen his name writ out before, I'd 'a' knowed he had money. It's like that, Billy. When a Smith spells it with a y, an' a Adams opens up t' let in a' extry d, it's *money.* Now," I goes on, lookin' at Mollie, "now, I s'pose, Mollie'll be tackin' a' e on to the en' of Brown."

You oughta seen her wake up! "Tack a' e on to Brown!" she says. "W'at'll I need a' e on Brown for?" She come over clost to Dave an' leant down. "Dave," she says; "Dave, ain't I goin' to tack on a Reynolds?"

"Wal," says Dave, peekin' out fr'm his bandages, "wal, Mollie, I don't keer if you do!"

Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently
glides
On its fair, windin' way t' the sea——

Listen! Y'hear that? *That's* Mollie now—singin' t' the kid.

One Better

WHEN young Kennoy, fresh from college, and without ever having earned a cent in his life, presented himself to old Dolman, sales manager of the Invincible Roofing Company, and, cool as the proverbial cucumber, asked that worthy for exclusive right to a select piece of his territory, Dolman gasped, caught his breath, and gave Kennoy the job almost before he knew it, taken foul by the sheer nerve of the youngster.

The next day, after Kennoy had received his final instructions from the "old man," the latter only shook hands and smiled rather sarcastically at him as he departed, grip in hand, as if saying: "Make good if you can."

And here is how Kennoy did it.

One of the first prospective customers whom Kennoy had "lined up" was located one morning in a palatial private office, and the young salesman presented his card to the office-boy in the outer office and waited while the urchin took it to his employer. Through the glass partition, Kennoy saw the latter look hastily at the card, tear it up and throw it in the waste-basket.

The office-boy returned with the old story that "Mr. A. was sorry, but he could not see Mr. Kennoy," so the salesman sent the youngster back with the request that Mr. A. should return the card which had been sent in to him and which Kennoy had seen destroyed.

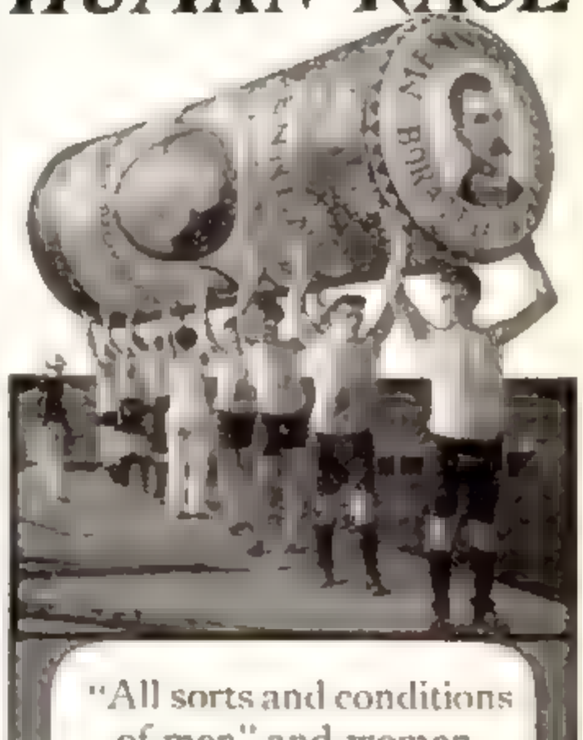
After a few minutes the boy returned, gravely handed Kennoy a nickel and remarked that "Mr. A. had destroyed the card, but if it was so valuable, perhaps the nickel would cover the damages."

Kennoy, nothing daunted, took out another card, scratched a few words upon it with his pencil, and, bestowing a quarter upon the lad, succeeded in getting the card once more into Mr. A.'s sanctum.

And Mr. A. read: "These cards are two for five."

Kennoy got the interview, sold a bill of goods—and old Dolman's sarcastic smile has ceased to exist. —*R. M. S.*

For the HUMAN RACE



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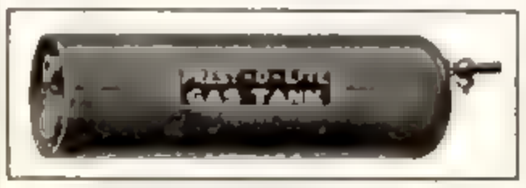

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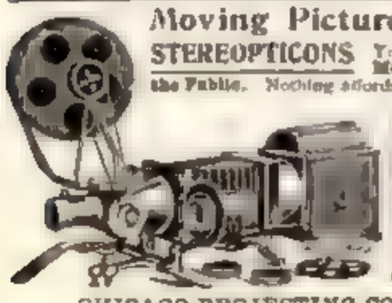

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
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GAYNOR

(Continued from Page 4)

underground, which, by delicate manipulation, the city had constructed with its own money and given to the Interborough—capital, $35,000,000. The Interborough, having the underground and elevated roads, now cast its gaze on the surface roads.

The Story of the Surface Lines

"The history of the surface roads is line for line the story of the elevated, but longer. There were the original small roads. One after another they turned themselves over to the Metropolitan, which was the big surface road, for the usual 999 years, the Metropolitan assuming the bonded indebtedness of the little roads, and agreeing to pay besides yearly dividends on their stock issues ranging from eighteen to eight per cent. The Metropolitan, of course, after such payments, was to keep the surplus earnings.

"On went high finance: the New York City Railway Company was formed, and took over the Metropolitan on the usual terms—pay all interest charges due from the Metropolitan and seven per cent. dividends on its stock, the new company to keep surplus earnings. The New York City Company's stock was $20,000,000. Next comes the Metropolitan Securities Company, capital $30,000,000, and takes over the New York City Company on the old, oft-repeated terms. The other day the last move was made. The Metropolitan Securities turned itself over to a last new company, the Metropolitan-Interborough, which had already got possession of the Interborough, with its underground and elevated roads. Thus we have the grand merger of Manhattan Island traction—underground, overhead, surface—in the Metropolitan-Interborough Company. The traction earnings are pooled, and all the stocks and bonds of all the companies taken care of. The paper capital of the last new company is $155,000,000. The grand total of stocks and bonds of all the other companies is $220,000,000. What is the situation? The public is paying, not only dividends to the companies which constructed the roads, but dividends to the several successive companies. In brief, if the actual investment be considered, the public is paying in fares somewhere near an annual forty per cent. How long do you suppose the public will put up with these conditions? For 999 years? No; nor for nine years perhaps. The traction story I have told you is the story, with slight changes, of what has gone on and is going on in railways, gas companies, telephone companies, electric light companies, and the whole long list of public service corporations, with but few exceptions, throughout the land. And yet these men cry 'Anarchist!'"

Rebate, Mother of Trusts

Leaving street railways I carried the talk to railways proper, and brought up the subject of rebates.

"Rebates!" repeated Judge Gaynor. "Once upon a time a man named Havemeyer said, 'Protection is the mother of trusts.' He was wrong. Rebate is the mother of trusts. Protection may be their nurse—may rock their cradle and warm their milk, but their mother is rebate. The extent," continued Judge Gaynor, "to which railway corporations have violated their duty and the law of their being by carrying the freight of some at a lower rate than is exacted of their rivals, enabling them to undersell and ruin said rivals and establish a monopoly in themselves, forms the most criminal chapter in our history. The railways are the public highways; they should be open to the use and service of all on equal terms. The principle which underlies a railroad is the principle of the old toll-road. Suppose some tollgate of the olden time had charged some particular farmer five cents and every other farmer ten: what would have happened? The ten-cent farmers would have torn that tollgate down. What is the difference between the five and ten-cent tollgate and a railroad that carries one man's oil for one dollar and charges every other oil-man two dollars? Succeeding ages will look back upon us as a generation lost to moral sense for permitting it."

"In what way are rebates arranged?"

"The ingenuity of criminal man has exhausted itself in their multiplication. A recent railway investigation developed that the cars of one recipient of rebates were billed over the road as each carrying 24,000 pounds when in fact they carried 50,000; that's one way. As I say, this freight favoritism is the mother of trusts. Standard Oil, that first and greatest trust, was created and maintained by it. No; our railway companies are not private corporations, conducting a private business and free to do as they please. They are created by Government, given a franchise to build and operate a road for public use. The Government lends them its great right of eminent domain. Our iron roads are as much public highways as are our dirt roads. Before the coming of railroads, Government owned and maintained its highways. It let the railways in their ownership pass into private hands. None the less they are public roads. They have no right of freight discrimination—the right, as Cromwell put it, 'to make many poor to make a few rich.' And now the Government is in a struggle with these corporations, to prevent them building up and fostering trusts and monopolies by favoritism in freight rates. If such practices cannot be stopped in any other way then Government must take back those franchises it granted. If all the rebate evils arising from the private ownership and control of these highways could have been foreseen, Government would never have turned them over to private individuals."

Slaughtering Competition

"Freight rates control the market. By discrimination, competition can be killed, and a monopoly or trust be produced and protected. There is talk of referring disputes over freight rates, rebates and freight discriminations to the courts. We have enough of the law's delay already. The evil demands summary executive treatment, instead of the slow process of judicial procedure. One ounce of executive prevention is worth a pound of judicial cure. You asked as to a public prejudice against wealth. There is a public prejudice against rebates, and the wealth that flows from them. There is no prejudice against honestly acquired wealth. There is prejudice against wealth acquired by trick and device, by the favoritism of laws, by the misuse of public franchises. That wealth and its acquirement is under the ban of every honest man. It is predatory wealth, as ravenous as a wolf and as much without a conscience, against which the people protest and wage war. They will continue to protest; their war will grow and may go even to excess. Should it do so our wolfish capitalists will have themselves to thank. There be those who cry out against investigations and disclosures where great corporations are concerned. They deplore them as 'injurious to commerce.' I have to say to these good, timid, deprecatory folk that a business which cannot survive the truth is a bad, wretched business. That which the truth will kill should die and be destroyed."

"In repairing the evils spoken of are our present laws sufficient?"

"Amply so," returned Judge Gaynor. "We have laws enough. Our need is for public officers who will enforce them."

"And what should be the constituent elements of such an officer? What should the public look for, in the way of trait or attribute, when it goes picking him out?"

"For a man," said Judge Gaynor, "fitly to fill a public office his intelligence should be affirmative, his honesty aggressive, his vigilance sleepless, his courage without a flaw. In brief"—this with a smile that lighted up the grave face like a torch—"he should be a Roosevelt."

"You deem highly of President Roosevelt?"

"I cannot conceive of a better man for the place he occupies. His enemies call him erratic. I find him steadfast to the pole of his purposes—as changeless as the north star. He grasps his hour. He sees wrongs, and remedies them; he meets difficulties, and conquers them. When both parties fell back frightened before the frown of the railroads, he alone was not afraid. Single-handed he took up arms against secret rebates. In the face of the mightiest money influences he proceeded. I cannot tell too strongly my admiration of President Roosevelt. He is filled with the

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"And yet one hears criticism!"

"Yes; one hears criticism. You should not forget, however, in measuring such criticism that one stridulant grasshopper in the angle of the fence makes more noise than the noble herd near by."

"Do you know the President intimately?"

"I never met him in my life," said Judge Gaynor simply. "I know only of what he does."

"And you are not even of the same school of politics!"

"There is nothing in a name, not though it be a party name. I am of something better than the Roosevelt school of politics. I am of the Roosevelt School of Americanism."

Losing a Good Church

IT IS generally conceded that the work of the ministry is much more complicated, difficult and precarious than it was five-and-twenty years ago. Besides the demand for men which at that time was very urgent, the position of a minister was unique. The awe of the profession was on the people.

Also the spirit of competition has entered the profession, and whenever a church is declared vacant the pulpit committee is deluged with applications and recommendations. The fact that a man cannot receive a call from a small church to a large when he has turned fifty impresses him with the necessity of securing one before he is forty. A minister is no longer accused of mercenary motives if he accepts a church that pays a larger salary. Usually an increased stipend means an increased opportunity, an advanced social position and a wider range of influence. In his legitimate desire to do the best he can for himself and family, the minister must never let the chance for promotion go by. It may never be repeated. This leads me to relate an experience of my own in which, through indiscretion, I lost a church that pays double the salary I am at present receiving.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning last summer a stranger seated himself in the front bench of my church. There was nothing noticeable in his appearance, and, had he not occupied such a conspicuous position, he would have been unobserved. We have a large congregation; the singing was excellent; the subject of my sermon was a congenial one.

The next day things went wrong. An irritating bit of news was brought to me; I missed the train to the city, and these things, combined with a headache, served to put me in a most ungracious humor. The morning's mail brought me a letter from the stranger who was present at my service the previous day. It was a criticism of the sermon. He took exception to certain things I had said, and he ended the letter by putting two questions to me, and requesting an immediate response. I wrote a reply and mailed it. Two hours afterward I would have given a month's salary for the privilege of recalling that letter. I had objected to his criticism. I had accused him of distorting my words, of wrenching them from their true meaning, and in my irritation I forgot to answer his two questions.

Three months later, at the close of the evening's service, I was accosted by a stranger, who desired a few minutes' conversation with me. He informed me that he was from a certain city, and mentioned the church of which he was a member, one of the best in that section. He then reminded me of the letter to which I have referred. He went on to tell me that my correspondent was a member of the pulpit committee of his church and had been sent to hear me preach. The letter was a test of my ability to answer certain questions, and incidentally a test of my courteousness.

"And," said my visitor, "your reply to that man's letter killed your chances."

I am thankful that the experience came to me at a time when I could best stand the disappointment. And I shall see to it that the mistake is never repeated.—*G. L.*

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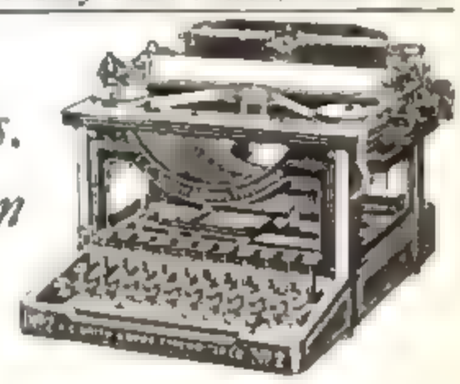

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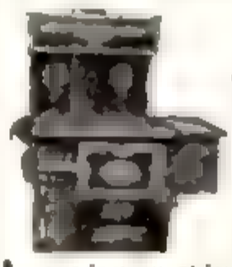

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THE FIGHTING CHANCE

(Continued from Page 11)

a smooth surface the soul inside of him was shrinking back into some dark corner, silent, watchful, suspicious, and perhaps defiant.

"Mr. Quarrier," said Siward quietly, "I did not take that girl to the Patroons Club—*and you know it.*"

Quarrier was *all* surface now; he had drawn away internally so far that even his eyes seemed to recede until they scarcely glimmered through the slits in his colorless mask. And Siward went on:

"I knew perfectly well what sort of women I was to meet at that fool supper Billy Fleetwood gave; and you must have, too, for the girl you took in was no stranger to you. . . . Her name is Lydia Vyse, I believe."

The slightest possible glimmer in the elder man's eyes was all the answer he granted.

"What happened," said Siward calmly, "was this: She bet me she could so disguise herself that I could safely take her into any club in New York. I bet her she couldn't. I never dreamed of trying. Besides, she was your—dinner partner," he added with a shrug.

His concentrated gaze seemed at length to pierce the expressionless surface of the other man, who moved slightly in his chair and moistened his thin lips under the glossy beard.

"Quarrier," said Siward earnestly, "what happened in the club lobby I don't exactly know, because I was not in a condition to know. I admit it; that was the trouble with me. When I left Fleetwood's rooms I left with a half-dozen men. I remember crossing Fifth Avenue with them; and the next thing I remember distinctly was loud talking in the club lobby, and a number of men there, and a slim young fellow in Inverness and top hat in the centre of a crowd, whose face was the face of that girl, Lydia Vyse. And that is absolutely all. But I couldn't do more than deny that I took her there unless I told what I *knew;* and of course that was not possible, even in self-defense. But it was for *you* to admit that I was right. And you did not. You dared not! You let another man blunder into your private affairs and fall a victim to circumstantial evidence which you could have refuted; and it was up to you to say something! And you did not! . . . And now—what are you going to do? The Lenox Club has taken this thing up. A man can't stand too much of that sort of thing. What am I to do? I can't defend myself by betraying my accidental knowledge of your petty, private affairs. So I leave it to you. I ask you what are you going to do?"

"Do you mean"—Quarrier's voice was not his own, and he brought it harshly under command—"do you mean that you think it necessary for me to say I knew her? What object would be attained by that? I did not take her to the Patroons."

"Nor did I. Ask her how she got there. Learn the truth from her, man!"

"What proof is there that I ever met her before I took her into supper at Fleetwood's?"

"Proof! Are you mad? All I ask of you is to say to the governors what I cannot say without using your name."

"You wish me," asked Quarrier icily, "to deny that you made that wager? I can do that."

"You *can't* do it! I *did* make that bet."

"Oh! Then what is it you wish me to say?"

"Tell them the truth. Tell them you *know* I did not take her to the club. You need not tell them why you know it. You need not tell them how much you know about her, whose brougham she drove home in. I can't defend myself at your expense. What could I say? I denied taking her to the club. Then Major Belwether confronted me with my wager. Then I shut up. And so did you, Quarrier—so did you, seated there among the governors, between Leroy Mortimer and Belwether. It was up to you, and you did not stir!"

"Stir!" echoed the other man, exasperated. "Of course I did not stir! What did I know about it? Do you think I cared to give a man like Mortimer a hold on me by admitting I knew anything—or Belwether? Do you think I care to have that man know anything about my private and personal business? Did you expect me to say that I was in a position to prove anything one way or another? And," he added with increasing harshness, "how do you know what I might or might not prove? If she went to the Patroons Club, I did not go with her; I did not see her; I *don't* know whether or not you took her."

"I have already told you that I did not take her," said Siward, turning whiter.

"You told that to the governors, too. Tell them again if you like. I decline to discuss this matter with you. I decline to countenance your unwarranted intrusion into what you pretend to believe are my private affairs. I decline to confer with Belwether or Mortimer. It's enough that you are inclined to meddle——" His cold anger was stirring. He rose to his full, muscular height, slow, menacing, his long, pale fingers twisting his silky beard. "It's enough that *you* meddle!" he repeated. "As for the matter in question, a dozen men, including myself, heard you make a wager; and later I myself was a witness that the terms of that wager had been carried out to the letter. I know absolutely nothing except that, Mr. Siward; nor, it appears, do you, for you were drunk at the time, and you have admitted it to me."

"I have asked you," said Siward, rising, and very grave, "I have asked you to do the right thing. Are you going to do it?"

"Is that a threat?" inquired Quarrier, showing the edges of his well-kept teeth. "Is this intimidation, Mr. Siward? Do I understand that you are proposing to bespatter others with scandal unless I am frightened into going to the governors with the flimsy excuse you attempt to offer me? In other words, Mr. Siward, are you bent on making me pay for what you believe you know of my private life? Is it really intimidation?"

And still Siward stared into his half-veiled, sneering eyes, speechless.

"There is only one name used for this kind of thing," added Quarrier, taking a quick, involuntary step backward to the door as the blaze of fury broke out in Siward's eyes.

"What a cur you are, Quarrier!" whispered Siward with dry lips. "What a cur!"

And long after Quarrier had passed the door and disappeared in the corridor, Siward stood there, frozen motionless under the icy waves of rage that swept him.

He had never before had an enemy worth the name; he knew he had one now. He had never before hated; he now understood something of that, too. The purely physical craving to take this man and crush him into eternal quiescence had give place to a more terrible mental desire to punish. His brain surged and surged under the first flood of a mortal hatred. That the hatred was sterile made it the more intense, and, blinded by it, he stood there or paced the room minute after minute, hearing nothing but the wild clamor in his brain, seeing nothing but the smooth, expressionless face of the man whom he could not reach.

Toward midnight, seated in his chair by the window, a deathly lassitude weighing his heart, he heard the steps of people on the stairway, the click of the ascending elevator, gay voices calling good-night, a ripple of laughter, the silken swish of skirts in the corridor, doors opening and closing; then silence creeping throughout the house on the receding heels of departure—a stillness that settled like a mist through hall and corridor, accented for a few moments by distant sounds, then absolute silence. And for a long while he sat there listening.

The cool wind from the ocean blew his curtains far into the room, where they billied out, fluttering, floating, subsiding, only to rise again in the freshening breeze. He sat watching their silken convolutions, stupidly, for a while, then rose and closed his window, and raised the window on the south for purposes of air.

As he turned to adjust his transom, something white thrust under the door caught his eye, and he walked over and drew it across the sill. It was a sealed note. He opened it, reading it as he walked back to the drop-light burning beside his bed:

"Did you not mean to say 'good-by'? Because it is to be good-by for a long, long time—for all our lives—as long as we live—as long as the world lasts, and longer. . . . Good-by—unless you care to say it to me."

He stood studying the note for a while; presently, lighting a match, he set fire to it and carried it blazing to the grate and flung it in, watching the blackened ashes curl up, glow, whiten, and fall in flakes to the hearth. Then he went out into the corridor, and traversed the hall to the passage which led to the bay-window. There was nobody there. The stars looked in on him, twinkling with a frosty light; beneath, the shadowy fronds of palms traced a pale pattern on the glass roof of the swimming-pool. He waited a moment, turned, retraced his steps to his own door and stood listening. Then, moving swiftly, he walked the length of the corridor, and, halting at her door, knocked once.

After a moment the door swung open. He stepped forward into the room, closing the door behind him, and confronted the tall girl standing there silhouetted against the lamp behind her.

"You are insane to do this!" she whispered. "I let you in for fear you'd knock again!"

"I went to the bay-window," he said.

"You went too late. I was there an hour ago. I waited. Do you know what time it is?"

"Come to the bay-window," he said, "if you fear me here."

"Do you know it is nearly three o'clock?" she repeated. "And you leave at six."

"Shall we say good-by here?" he asked coolly.

"Certainly. I dare not go out. You must be perfectly mad to come to my room. Do you think anybody could have seen—heard you——"

"No. Good-night." He offered his hand; she laid both of hers in it. He could scarcely distinguish her features where she stood dark against the brilliant light behind her.

"Good-by," he whispered, kissing her hands where they lay in his.

"Good-by." Her fingers closed convulsively, retaining his hands. "I hope—I think that—you——" Her head was drooping; she could not control her voice.

"Good-by, Sylvia," he said again.

It was quite useless, she could not speak; and when he took her in his arms she clung to him, quivering; and he kissed the wet lashes, and the hot, trembling lips, and the smooth little hands crushed to his breast.

"We have a year yet," she gasped. "Dear, take me by force before it ends. I—I simply cannot endure this. I told you to take me—to tear me from myself. Will you do it? I will love you—truly, truly! Oh, my darling, my darling! Don't—*don't* give me up! Can't you do something for us? Can't you——"

"Will you come with me now?"

"How can——"

"*Will* you?"

A sudden sound broke out in the night—the distant pealing of the lodge-gate bell. Startled, she shrank back; somebody in the adjoining room had sprung to the floor and was opening the window.

"What is it?" she motioned with whitening lips. "Quick! oh, quick, before you are seen! Grace may come! I—I beg of you to go!"

As he stepped into the corridor he heard, below, a sound at the great door, and the stirring of the night watchman on post. At his own door he turned, listening to the movement and whispering. Ferrall, in dressing-gown and slippers, stepped into the corridor; below, the chains were rattling as the wicket swung open. There was a brief parley at the door, sounds of retreating steps outside, sounds of approaching steps on the stairway.

"What's that? A telegram?" said Ferrall sharply. "Here, give it to me. . . . Wait! It isn't for me. It's for Mr. Siward!"

Siward, standing at his open door, swayed slightly. A thrill of pure fear struck him through and through. He laid one hand on the door to steady himself, and stepped forward as Ferrall came up.

"Oh! You're awake, Stephen. Here's a telegram." He extended his hand. Siward took the yellow envelope, fumbled it, tore it open.

And Siward's glazed eyes stared and stared at the scrawled and inky message:

"*Your mother is very ill. Come at once.*"

The signature was the name of their family physician, Grisby.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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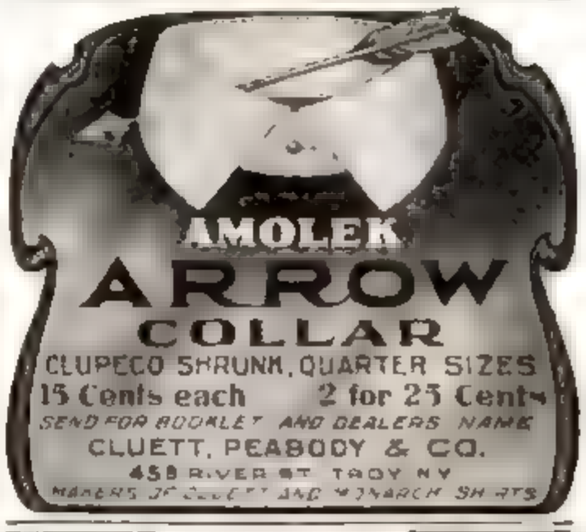

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The Candidate

(Continued from Page 6)

"Billy Winkle," the Secretary ruminated, and slowly and mournfully shook his head. He struggled with it a moment, and the struggle gave his gradually spreading grin a somewhat convulsive appearance. "If it gets out it'll lay him out cold as a salt herring! The public won't stand for anything of that sort." He managed, by violent effort, to suppress the grin and resume his previous shocked and mournful air. "I hope it ain't true, Adams. There's always a lot of loose, slanderous gossip floating around without any foundation in fact. Still," he added, "Winkle has been running around a lot"—and, with sudden heat—"he's a coarse beast at bottom, Adams!"

Mr. Plainfield had always taken his social duties with a kind of blind-eyed depression, patiently suffering such of them as had to be suffered and dodging the rest. Now he turned over a new leaf—first to the agreeable surprise, then somewhat to the bewilderment of his wife and daughter.

"Well, you see, Jane," he explained to Miss Plainfield, "the doctor says I must take all the relaxation I can get; that what I need most is to have my mind taken off my business as much as possible. And I've discovered, you see, that running around to these society things does take my mind off my business. It gives me the relaxation that I need—and right here at home, too, without going off to the seashore or anywhere."

"I know, daddy," said Miss Plainfield, "but I'm afraid you're overdoing it a bit. Of course the relaxation is good; but going out every evening will use you up as bad as business—don't you think?"

"Oh, I'm fresh at it now," he replied. "I'll cut down on it presently. It's a real pleasure to me now, I assure you—running around, you know, and talking with so many bright, agreeable people."

"But you don't, father!" she burst out. "Mrs. Markham and that crowd aren't bright or interesting at all. They're nasty, malicious, gossiping, lying old tabby cats!" Miss Plainfield, on occasion, had some of her distinguished father's oratorical fervor.

"Tut, tut, child!" he reproved. "You seem to have a tongue of your own!" Nevertheless he did not look at her. In fact, he had not been looking at her any of the time. He paced away, putting his bony hands deep in his trousers' pockets, and immediately withdrawing them as he always remembered to do when he was in evening clothes. "A man in my position, Jane—and with my prospects," he said gravely, "needs to keep an eye on a good many things; needs—h'm—to draw information from a good many quarters, in order to judge accurately of some things that are going on; perhaps—h'm—in order to protect himself properly in certain contingencies. I've found this society business relaxing. At the same time, it may turn out useful. I hope, Jane, you don't begrudge your father such diversion as he can find."

"Oh, no, daddy! Have the best time you can! Only"—she laughed, a bit uneasily—"I don't like your friends."

"The election for governor of Iosota," observed the Secretary, quite inconsequentially, "will be in ten days. Then we'll have a show-down."

This was hardly a satisfactory reply; but it occurred to Jane that, if she stayed, he would begin to tell her how much it cost to insure a man aged thirty-five for $1000 for twenty years. So she left him.

V

"HE'S done it, Adams! He's done it!" cried the Secretary. "A man, by Jove, that I've been a friend to for thirty years!"

His hand, which trembled somewhat with the depths of his emotion, held a letter from Peterman, whom everybody knew to be the chief henchman of Governor Mitchell, of Iosota. The letter reviewed the political situation at home on the eve of the election, and was of that character which men whom experience has turned rather cynical call a "jolly." But there was a postscript as follows:

"Let me add a purely personal word: Does the subject of life insurance interest you? Would you be inclined, in any way, to take it up with me?"

"You see? Life insurance!" Mr. Plainfield exclaimed. "There's the slimy hand

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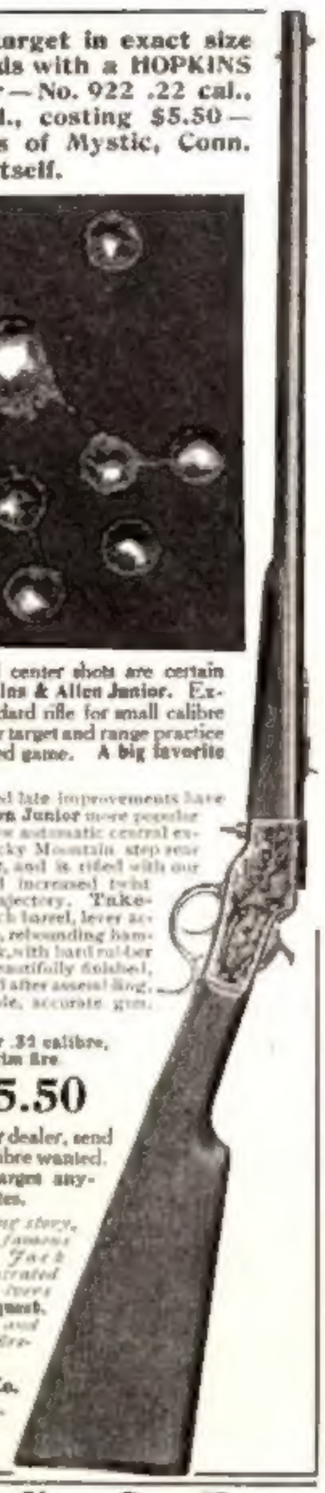

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of William Winkle! Of course, he's been to Mitchell—told Mitchell all about that Gessler report and how he'd make me look like a fool with it if I got the State delegation—laugh me out of the race with it. Ha! ha! Adams! Blast his hide! Same's he's been doing his dirty work with the President. Why did the President turn down my Philippine currency plan yesterday? They think they've got me Gesslerized, Adams! But I'll show 'em, by Jove"—he struck the table viciously with his bony fist—"that they can't Gesslerize me—at any rate, not without my doing some Gesslerizing myself!"

He paused to get his breath and compose his overwrought nerves.

"I'm going to write to Peterman to-day," he added deliberately. "I'm going to write him a letter which—I rather guess—will hold him and Mitchell until I can get out there. I'm going directly after the election—when the Governor will have that off his hands and be ready to listen to some things that I shall say to him. I'll take up that report with him, Adams. I'll show him that Gessler put the insurance stuff in there on his own hook and that Gessler was nutty. Also"—he drew his hand across his brow to get it in the right light—"I'll show him that if anybody undertakes to play horse with me about it, why—it ain't, after all, so blamed nutty as it might be, not by a hundred miles! And then"—he nervously rubbed his hands together, contemplating them, and thrusting out his under jaw—"well, I'll show him something else. I'll show him something else! If anybody is going to insist upon having dirty politics, he can't complain if he gets more'n he's looking for of his own medicine."

"A man ought to be ready to take his own medicine," said Adams, with an air at once oracular and of a sternly impartial judge.

Nevertheless, in the ensuing days the poor Secretary's heart suffered an almost uninterrupted series of sinking spells. It is one thing to be convinced of the poetic justice of what you are doing; but quite another thing for a white man to sit down before an umpire in cold blood and say: "See here, my rival is liable at any moment to become the hero of a frightful scandal, the details of which are thus and so." It kept him awake of nights; and once when his daughter came into his study unexpectedly his jaw dropped, he looked at her as though she were a ghost, and seemed to be about to escape by jumping out of the window. The eminent family practitioner took away all solid food and doubled the dose of bromides, and was fairly at his wits' end when this expedient brought no beneficial results.

There were moments, in fact, when the Secretary clearly perceived the impossibility of doing it—face to face and in cold blood. Hardly anybody knew it; but he owned control of the Grassville Tribune; and it might be better to have the Tribune print the story on the front page—without names, of course; but so pointedly there could be no mistake—a couple of days after the election. This would be more conclusive, so far as Winkle was concerned. There wouldn't be much getting away from it, once it was printed. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Plainfield knew about his ownership of the Tribune.

The evening of the Iosota election the Secretary devoted to a mental review of his ground. He had had another chat with that witty, cynical, amusing Mrs. Markham—which, between sniggering and assaulted modesty, had kept him a uniform pink. Alone with it in his study, however, the humorous features faded out. His heart underwent one of the worst of its sinking fits. It was the kind of thing that he had never supposed he could think of doing. His acutely suffering mind cried out: "If he'd treated me decently, he wouldn't have driven me to this! No, Billy Winkle, if you hadn't played the whelp with me I'd never have thought of doing what I'm going to do to-morrow. Blast your hide!" And his sallow cheeks were wet with tears of rage.

VI

BUT the morrow brought an unexpected, an astonishing, readjustment. The Secretary had not even asked that election returns be sent him. The exact majority didn't matter in the least. And when he opened his morning papers at the breakfast-table his bulging and incredulous eyes fell upon headlines such as these:

"Great Democratic Landslide in Iosota. Governor Mitchell Overwhelmingly Defeated. People Tired of Old Plainfield-Mitchell-Winkle Machine. Ends Talk of a Republican Presidential Candidate From the State."

When he reached his office he was still rather badly out of his reckoning. Adams couldn't help him. Adams himself was a mere rudderless hulk—which the unkind current appeared to be sweeping rapidly toward the rocky shore of Private Life.

"It's certainly surprising," said the Secretary, and scratched his head. The assistant was dumb.

The morning's mail contained a letter and a package from Gessler. He wrote that, as the Secretary had decided to withhold the life-insurance plan for the present he was returning his copy of the report in which the recommendation was interpolated, for the Secretary might wish to destroy all such copies. The package consisted of the one long-missing and anxiously-sought volume. Also, there was a hurried line from Peterman. "Don't understand your paragraph about life insurance," he said. "Some of us are talking of organizing a company. I thought you might take the presidency. Will see you about it when you come out here."

Mr. Plainfield pondered upon the two missives for some time—quite half an hour, in fact; and where all had been tossing billows he began now to see a verdant shore line and a lighthouse.

"Call up Senator Winkle," he said calmly.

Before the connection was made, however, the Senator's card was brought in—to be followed immediately by his portly, ruddy, cheery person, holding out a hand.

"Joe, old man, we're Waterloo veterans! We'll have to organize an association and hold reunions!" he exclaimed heartily.

The Secretary, gripping the extended palm with both hands, tipped back his head and laughed—the first time in three months. "By jingo, Billy! They soaked us proper!" he cowed. "You know, old man—you know"—he fell into a dire confusion—"I was afraid, by Jove, it might cut you up some."

So far from being cut up, the Senator, in fact, appeared exuberantly happy. He spread his arms. "I don't care," he affirmed flippantly. Then he put his hand on the other's shoulder. "You know, Joe—you know"—he spoke softly and a bit tremulously. "Old man, my wife got back from the hospital yesterday. She's better! She's going to be well!" There were actually tears in his eyes.

Secretary Plainfield proposed to retire from public life at the expiration of his term. Before that day rolled around there were delivered to him four solid volumes, printed on hand-made paper, beautifully bound in morocco, duly tooled, beveled and gilded. They were entitled Our Country's Foremost Men. He opened volume one to a fine full-page steel engraving of himself, and read the extensive biography. It said, over ten flowery pages, that he was a great statesman whose lofty character and surpassing genius for affairs had made an imperishable impression upon his times. He thought, with impartial candor, that the adjectives were a bit strong here and there. Still, as a thousand party newspapers and stump-speakers had said about the same things of him, he saw no reason to doubt that they were substantially true.

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Pony Outfits for Boys

What boy has not dreamed of owning a Shetland pony rig? *Heretofore*, when wide-awake, you may not have dared to expect your pony dream to come true; but *now* any boy may cherish a lively hope of having a real swell pony outfit, if he sells

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Blooded Shetland Pony

From July to October, inclusive, we are going to give a Shetland pony *each month*, with cart and harness complete, to one boy who sells the magazine. You can have one of them. Each pony, safe for a boy to drive, yet full of life and a good traveler. Both cart and harness made especially to fit your pony by the Michigan Buggy Co. The outfit is worth $150.00. Each winner can have that amount in cash if he prefers.

City Boys *vs.* Boys in Small Towns

We have arranged a way of scoring so that each boy's opportunity is balanced nicely with those of other boys. Boys in small towns have just as good a chance as boys in large cities. This was shown during the first offer, in which Allen Voshell, of Lutherville (pop. 663), Maryland, winner of the May pony outfit, and Irene Dickinson, of Hanna (pop. 172), Wyoming, were "tie" as to number of points scored with a boy in a large city (Birmingham, Ala.).

Boys! Earn a Pony Outfit *Now*

Any boy who sells the magazine may receive a Shetland pony. The offer especially favors boys starting work now. If you want a pony write at once; ask us to send you details, together with ten free copies of the next issue of the magazine. The copies will be mailed to you entirely without charge. These you can sell at five cents each and thus provide the money for the following week's supply at the wholesale price. ¶ Full information will go with the magazines, including an eight-page booklet telling all about the Pony outfit, and another booklet, "Boys Who Make Money," giving clever plans of some successful boy agents. Write to-day.

$250.00 in Cash as extra prizes for boys who do good work next month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 836 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TRAVELER'S TRUST

is laid in stomach comfort and satisfaction when he starts out with a good supply of TRISCUIT, the shredded whole wheat wafer. Steam-cooked, ready-to-eat, wholesome and nutritious, it is the ready reliance of the traveler on land or on sea, the camper, the hunter, the fisherman, the light housekeeper, the dweller in "flats" or apartments.

TRISCUIT contains all the muscle-building, strength-giving elements of the whole wheat in concentrated form. A crisp and tasty "snack" for the days when ordinary food palls on the palate, when the daintiest dish fails to whet the appetite.

Summer days are TRISCUIT days—full of strength and buoyancy in the most enervating climates.

TRISCUIT is served on nearly every ship that sails the seas—a convincing proof of its wholesomeness and digestibility.

If you like Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast you will like TRISCUIT as a Toast for luncheon or for any meal as a substitute for white flour bread.

It is ten times more nourishing than white flour bread or white flour crackers. Being crisp, it induces thorough mastication, which is the first process in digestion.

TRISCUIT should always be thoroughly warmed in oven to restore crispness. It is used as a TOAST with butter, cheese, marmalade or beverages.

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